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DOWN in West Virginia they are solemnly trying twenty-three men for treason, murder, and a variety of other offenses which normally involve the death penalty and the horror of the community. These are men who participated in the famous union march on Mingo County last autumn, when, following the shooting of Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers as they walked unarmed up the courthouse steps at Welch, the outraged union miners of the northern coal counties started out to demonstrate against the treatment of their fellows in the communities owned and controlled by the operators further south. West Virginia is paying the costs of the trial on these preposterous charges, and union men all over the country are defraying the huge cost of the defense—but the seriousness with which West Virginians take the affair is shown by the fact that the defendants, who are out on bail, organized a baseball team and played the Charles Town nine within sight of the courthouse, the chief of police umpiring and the proceeds going to the local hospital. Yet fundamentally the trial is a contest of miners and operators over the right of the operators to usurp government functions, to appoint and hire sheriffs to do their will in the name of the State, to deport union organizers, and to defy the constitutional guaranty of free speech. And in such a fight anything may happen. When the political prisoners now in jail—the fathers of the children at present crusading for freedom—were tried five years ago many refused to take their farcical trials seriously and, when they were sentenced to 10- and 20-year terms, lightly remarked that "of course" they would be out in a year or two.

THERE is much talk about the tariff—columns in the newspapers, learned editorials, endless debates in Congress. Here is the essence of it all: a little piece entitled Peanuts. The *other* Senator from Idaho on April 24 introduced into the *Congressional Record* a number of communications, the first one, typical of all, reading as follows:

SENATOR FRANK R. GOODING,
United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SENATOR: Our association has been sending you a lot of petitions asking for tariff on peanuts, and I surely would thank you to present these petitions, as to represent us. . . . The emergency tariff which passed last May has saved the peanut industry surely a good many millions of dollars. The year before the emergency tariff went into effect there was imported from China mostly in round numbers 232,000,000 pounds of peanuts and peanut oil, but a good many of these peanuts did not go into consumption before the following season, and had effect on the market, *but the price of peanuts in Georgia advanced something over 100 per cent and, of course, we know the emergency tariff was responsible* [italics ours] and it saved the peanut farmers in the South several millions of dollars. . . . I surely thank you for what you have done for us and I hope that you will see that we get a tariff, namely, 3 cents on hull goods and 4 cents on shelled goods.

P. D. BAIN,
Chairman, United Peanut Associations of America

Here is the story of the "protective" tariff and of its benefits to the American consumer—in a nutshell.

As we contemplate the costs of war and realize its horrors, every right-thinking man and woman should demand that some steps be taken to prevent its recurrence. An immediate step would be to curtail expenditures for the maintenance of armies and navies.—General John J. Pershing, December, 1920.

IT would almost appear that some myths are immortal, impervious to fact, destined to go on forever working their doom upon mankind. General Pershing once argued for the reduction of armament as a step to peace. Now he declares that big armies prevent war! Specifically he alleges: "There is no doubt but that the Civil War might have been prevented had the country been equipped with an army of reasonable size ready for immediate use. . . . As a matter of fact, with adequate military preparation there can be little question that the United States under strong leadership could have prevented the World War altogether." Is General Pershing so ignorant of the history of his own country that he does not know that at the time of the Civil War the army itself was split and that its best leaders went over to the South? Old comrades at West Point fought against one another; if there had been more of them they would have been no less divided. Does General Pershing seriously believe that America would have

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offered in 1914 to fight to keep the peace in Europe whatever the size of her army? And if so what could a great American military establishment have done to prevent war that was not done by the larger establishments in Europe? It will be easier to outlaw war than to preserve peace by preparing for war.

SENSATIONAL in the gravity of its indictment though judicial in tone is the report by twenty-four lawyers, "The Seizure of Haiti by the United States," presented last week to the State Department. The signers, men of the highest standing in their communities and in several instances of international repute, represent all sections of the country and varying political faiths. Upon the irrefragable evidence provided by the testimony of American naval officers and by official documents, the report sums up the facts familiar to *Nation* readers about the military conquest of Haiti. It characterizes these acts as "violative of well-recognized American principles," "clear violations of international law and of our own Constitution," contrary to "every canon of fair and equal dealing between independent sovereign nations and of American professions of international good faith." It concludes that "the maintenance in Haiti of any United States military force or of the control exercised by treaty officials under cover of the treaty of 1915 amounts to a conscious and international participation in the wrong of the original coercion and aggression" and finally declares "without qualification that the honor and fair name of the United States" require "the immediate abrogation of the treaty of 1915, unconditionally and without qualification," and "the holding of elections of representatives to the legislative bodies of Haiti by the free will of the people." The document is unique, of historic import.

"YOU can't tell me anything I don't know" was in effect Secretary Hughes's reply when the lawyers presented their report. "I know all about it; and you are wrong." That was not precisely a statesmanlike tone. As Senator Borah said the other night, in denouncing our Haitian policy to an audience that packed the galleries of Carnegie Hall in New York City: "If there is another side, let it be made public at once so that the American public may know all the truth." Unless a reply is made to the indictment as detailed and buttressed by official documents as the lawyer's report itself we shall have to assume that the only possible defense of our Caribbean policy is a strut and blustering bravado. We agree with Senator Borah: "It has become dangerous for a dependent nation to let the world know that it has valuable resources. As soon as that is discovered there immediately arises a beneficent desire to uplift that country and to supervise that country along proper channels. . . . We have no right in Haiti."

WE have not for a long time been accused of undue partiality to Woodrow Wilson, but when the Commissioner of Internal Revenue rules that contributions to the Roosevelt Memorial Association and to the McKinley Memorial Association are deductible by taxpayers from their taxable income but that contributions to the Wilson Foundation are not, we can only say, as Mark Twain would say the French would say, that this is the politics of the peanut. And we can only say, when the Secretary of the Treasury orders the ruling taken under review, that this is the least any decent official could do.

IF authors and artists should petition the State that Mr. John S. Sumner of the vice crusaders be made censor over them; if biologists should ask that Mr. Bryan be appointed as official critic of their teaching; if Roman Catholics should ask the establishment of a Protestant inquisition administered by the officials of the Ku Klux Klan, then and only then would we have an approximate parallel to the action of the Teachers' Council of New York City—which represents or misrepresents various associations of public school teachers—in requesting and obtaining from a somewhat reluctant Commissioner of Education the appointment of a committee to hear teachers charged with "disloyalty" under the Lusk law. That committee consists of Finley J. Shepard, Archibald Stevenson, Condé Pallen, Olivia Leventritt, and, if he will accept, Hugh Frayne. The Lusk law itself imposes a degrading sort of espionage on teachers; to enforce it they themselves or their alleged representatives have now obtained a committee, four of whose members identify patriotism with the standard of the National Civic Federation!

GIFFORD PINCHOT as Governor of Pennsylvania would bring to the service of the State independence, social ideals, and administrative experience quite unprecedented in that machine-ruled commonwealth. His own strong campaign combined with internal quarrels within the Republican organization ought to insure him the nomination at the primaries unless honest Pennsylvanians are less numerous and more supine than their worst detractors have alleged. It is significant of the backward condition of American political and economic thinking that Mr. Pinchot is not required to have much of a platform save his pledge to enforce the law even against politicians and bootleggers, to govern the State economically and efficiently, and in general to give everyone a Rooseveltian square deal. Pennsylvania is held in fief by great industrial interests, its social and economic problems are extraordinarily complex, but its citizenry is so undeveloped that the candidate whose opponents call him a "sensationalist" and a "faddist" has no more definite or radical an economic program than this:

> I view the safeguarding of the great industries of Pennsylvania and the men and women who work in them as perhaps the most important work a governor and his administration can perform. Through these industries Pennsylvania has become one of the most powerful commonwealths of the world. Anything that would destroy or unwisely hamper these industries, would be not only unpatriotic but folly of the first magnitude. . . . Conservation in the true sense has been my life creed. Conservation of the industries of Pennsylvania fits in exactly with what I have tried to do for the forests and other great natural resources of the nation at large and of Pennsylvania in particular.

GENOA is a sordid tragedy. Here are men gathered together from all the nations of Europe to heal Europe's wounds. From the first, because of the political muddle in France, the greatest gaping wound, the reparations problem, was ruled out. No effort could be made to diagnose it or to heal it. Perforce the chief doctor, David Lloyd George, turned his attention to the other great European sore: the Russian question. Again the French politicians attempted to argue him away from it. After long evening sessions the Frenchmen at Genoa made modest concessions from their original intransigence; then their chief, Poincaré, made them recant those concessions and

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... Paris. England's attitude toward Rus- ... better. Neither of these capital-exporting coun- ... will help Russia—and thereby Europe—to get on her feet until Russia rescinds her every step toward socialization of property in so far as the property of foreigners is concerned. Theirs is a purely selfish concern, one which they would not dare present to a Russia strong and unwracked by famine and pestilence. Russia has precisely the same right to nationalize factories as the United States had to free slaves or to abolish the liquor industry, or England to make a capital levy, measures which fall upon the native and the foreigner alike. Clearer and clearer becomes the sordid obsession by property "rights" of the statesmen whose whims dictate international policy and control the fate of millions.

IS business looking up? The New York Stock Exchange seems to answer Yes. The price of bonds has been rising steadily, having advanced an average of 5½ points during the first four months of this year, while stocks sizzled merrily in April, making important gains in a market of unusual activity. The amount of buying and selling was the largest of any month since October, 1919, and exceeded that of any April since 1901. When one turns from the stock market to the business conditions behind it, however, one is compelled to base optimism more on promise than performance. Industrial conditions are more hopeful, but they have not yet registered a great real advance. The most definite improvement seems to be in building, the *American Contractor* reporting the number of building permits for March in excess of those of any month since the publication began its records in 1914. Building activity is doubtless one reason for the reduction of unemployment which the Associated Press reports as appreciable throughout the country. On the other hand, the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation were less from the first of the year to the end of March than for any quarter last year except that ending with September. The railroads, too, are not making much headway with gross earnings, although their net returns are much better owing to important economies recently effected. Unfortunately these latter came out of labor to a large extent, and it is to be recorded with regret and apprehension that business improvement in many other lines has been obtained all too generally through liquidating the workers.

TWO years ago this month of May the Massachusetts police, while on the trail of a man suspected of complicity in a double murder and robbery, picked up two Italian radicals for whom they were not looking and upon whom at the time they made no pretense of fastening the tragedy. The public was clamoring for a solution of the murder, however, and the two men eventually found themselves accused and—upon the flimsiest testimony—convicted of the crime. The trial took place in the midst of our post-war hysteria against alien radicals, and left many who followed it closely with an unpleasant feeling that the men had been convicted as Italians and reds and not because of any connection with the murder. The trial judge has denied an appeal based on insufficiency of evidence, but is considering one alleging irregularities in the jury room. In the meanwhile the defense is attempting to clear the men by running down the actual culprits, a task expensive but not too much so if thereby a miscarriage of justice can be prevented. *The Nation* has said, and it reasserts, that the proceedings against Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were so beclouded with doubt and prejudice as to warrant the belief that the men were convicted for their opinions and not for their acts. We do not ask for their release, but in behalf of the integrity of American justice we insist that they are entitled to another trial. It will be a national disgrace if the fight of more than two years were now abandoned because public sympathy tires and funds fail.

BECAUSE he was afraid of becoming a burden to others in his old age Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey shot himself to death on April 25 in the Hotel Broztell, New York City. He had announced his intention and, no doubt, his reasons to the head of the publishing house for which since 1890 he had written more than 1,076 stories, which contained more than 40,000,000 words. For Mr. Dey was the original and only Nick Carter as well as one of the several authors—all of the sterner sex—who purveyed entertainment under the pseudonym of Bertha M. Clay. A little simple arithmetic will give one an insight into Mr. Dey's appalling career. The thirty-two years that have passed since 1890 contained exactly 11,680 days. Divide forty millions by that figure and it becomes clear that Mr. Dey's daily stint—making no allowance for a single day of rest, illness, or travel—was above 3,000 words. The nerves and the imagination of anyone who has ever written for either ambition or bread are equally staggered and sickened by this record of toil compared to which the longest hours and most meager holidays of the humblest laborer appear in the guise of elegant trifling. And since his harrowing labors had evidently brought Mr. Dey no savings and no security, one does not wonder that at the age of 61 he felt that he was entitled to at least the holiday of death. One wonders, however, what profits, in the course of all those years, his work brought his publishers and in what state of mind they now regard the credit side of the row of ledgers in which the cold story of those profits must be chronicled.

IRISH-born prize fighter, gang leader, and ward politician who barely escaped conviction for murder; for sixteen years leader of Tammany Hall and for most of that period uncrowned king of New York; for the rest of his life a wealthy "West British" country gentleman, lord of Glencairn, and winner of the Derby—such was the romantic career of Richard Croker. No man could have done what the most picturesque of New York's bosses did without a kind of genius and a full share of those qualities which win the affection as well as the obedience of men. But he was quite frank as to his own purpose. He was, he acknowledged before the Mazet investigating committee, "working for his own pocket all the time." When he had collected sufficient loot from the city of which he was the autocratic ruler he, who had found no small part of his strength among the Irish working people in New York, retired to his native land, not to aid her in her struggles for economic and political freedom but to live as an English country gentleman. The mobilizer of the plain people against the silk stockings was in his old age anxious to assert his descent from a "respectable" upper class British family. It is, we think, a bit ungrateful for the New York *Times*, to whose social standards he thus paid pathetic tribute, to speak of the "peculiar kind of disgrace which he inflicted upon New York."

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What Is Wrong at Washington

OBSERVERS who were anything but rock-ribbed Republicans found a certain encouragement in the first months of the Harding Administration. About the principal executive departments there was an air of efficiency and courtesy which was lacking in the closing years of the Wilson Administration. In the Post Office Department under Mr. Hays the improvement was especially notable. Mr. Harding himself gave the friends of such causes as freedom for Haiti and for our own political prisoners reason to hope that they might appeal to his kindliness of heart with some confidence of success, especially as a more humane policy would mean the reversal of the opposite political party rather than of his own. All these tentative grounds for encouragement were immensely fortified by the positive action of the Administration in convening the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments and in obtaining from Congress a $20,000,000 grant for starving Russia. But with the adjournment of the Conference whatever there was of idealism and constructive efficiency pretty well exhausted itself. Mr. Harding denounced Democratic treatment of Haiti before the election but in office he has confirmed and strengthened our policy of military domination. He has refused to recognize Obregon and his Caribbean policy has made dollar diplomacy look respectable. His Russian policy, including the absurd recognition of that ambassador without a country, Mr. Bakhmetieff, has merely continued the stupid and misinformed program of the Wilson Administration. His illogical partial amnesty to political prisoners at Christmas-time only emphasizes the cruelty and folly of leaving 114 Americans in jail for exercising the ancient American right of free speech.

To all these charges there is the excuse that the Administration may reflect the prevailing temper and desire of the nation. But the people at least expect from the Federal government efficiency and integrity of administration. And there is increasing evidence that they are not obtaining even this modicum of good government. Representatives Johnson and Woodruff are ex-service men and Republicans. They have submitted specific charges, affecting two great departments—of War and of Justice—under two administrations, to the effect that contracts made during the World War were settled by the government to its detriment and to the great profit of contractors. Whatever force was behind these charges has been multiplied by Attorney General Daugherty's reception of them. He denied any need for investigation and summarily ousted W. O. Watts, a special agent who had given information to Mr. Johnson. Two other agents of the Department were also forced to resign. Mr. Watts replied in a heated defense charging that "organized interests are looting the Government." Those who remember Mr. Daugherty's record as a lobbyist and his conduct in the Rosenbluth case will not accept his unsupported statement that all is well. The situation demands unsparing investigation. So, too, does the action of Secretary Fall, in leasing the naval oil reserve lands in Wyoming, which Senator La Follette has denounced.

Meanwhile the summary removal of twenty-eight heads of divisions in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving gave rise to sensational charges that millions of dollars in counterfeit money or duplicate bonds had been put in circulation. We believe that these charges may be satisfactorily refuted, but to make the refutation convincing some statement must be made about the removal of [illegible] eight. The cynical explanation that the Grand Old [illegible] needed the jobs is somewhat discounted by the discovery [illegible] a number of the dismissed officials were Republicans. This particular act would therefore seem to have had another reason than a lust for spoils. Nevertheless, whatever may be the case in the Treasury Department, the National Civil Service Reform League is collecting evidence which indicates that several departments are preparing a quiet but thoroughgoing attack on the merit system.

On all these charges, whether of actual graft or of the revival of the spoils system, it would be unfair without extensive investigation to pronounce a judgment. But the average citizen knows enough to insist that the investigation he cannot make himself be made by governmental authority. We should be more hopeful of that investigation did it not seem to us that the trouble in Washington is not occasional graft or incompetence but a fundamental inability of both the great political parties to govern for the public good. The proposed Republican tariff, whether in the form adopted by the House or that recommended by the Senate committee, will cost the people of America more than profiteering war contractors. Even the pretense that it considers the public interest is worn thin. It is almost a mechanical result of a combination of forces, the forces being the embattled ranks of privilege-seekers. Even Senator McCumber, chairman of the Senate Committee which framed the bill, dimly realized that fact. How else can one explain his apologetic speech warning the country not to expect too much prosperity from the work of his hands and pleading with the manufacturers and retailers not to act so as to raise living costs? Imagine the naive or hypocritical absurdity of asking powerful trusts such as the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, or the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, not to take advantage of schedules which increase duties on medicines from 200 to 600 per cent! For what other purpose do these swollen industries maintain their tariff lobbies except for increased profit which the consumer must pay?

Nor is the tariff the only kind of subvention of special interest that occupies the time of our legislators. In the name of patriotism the country is asked to subsidize private shipowners. In the name of patriotism the House abdicated its function of judgment regarding the size of the navy personnel to interested naval experts. In the name of patriotism the Senate has turned over the drafting of the bonus bill to the American Legion. The Legion will get the credit and rally the ex-soldiers for another attack on the Treasury, the politicians will get the votes, the people will pay the bills.

Thus it comes to pass that at the very moment when the coal strike is calling attention to our need of a government ready to serve the public interest Congress and the Executive are demonstrating subservience to private interests. There is no easy cure. We suspect that no matter what particular parties or men are in power we shall continue to be governed by special interests so long as the average citizen is quite unwilling to look into economic and ethical causes instead of wreaking a spasmodic and futile vengeance upon individuals presented to him as scapegoats.

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A New Educational Bill of Fare

THE process of education will continue to be what it generally is today, a dusty, tiresome discipline, until one important thing happens—until the people who are subjected to learning become smitten with a desire to learn. And that will come about only when students attain some control over their studies; when they help compose the bill of fare, not merely eat the food. Of course the mental lassitude of most American college students in the face of their academic activities makes it difficult for them to undertake, even were they permitted to, the making or remaking of their curriculums; thus a vicious circle is joined and scholarship languishes. Occasionally one sees signs, however, which cause the heart to leap with new hope. The Student Curricular Committee at Barnard College has lately set such a sign in the sky, and all who feel an interest in higher education in America should turn their eyes that way. The committee has worked out a plan for the complete remaking of the curriculum of Barnard—which is nearly identical with that of Columbia—and the result is stimulating to a degree. It gives particular attention, properly, to the Freshman courses and in place of the present requirements for that year—composition, mathematics, classics, history, and a modern language—suggests the following program which we have had to condense:

HISTORY OF MANKIND: A synthetic survey course designed to bring out the chief aspects of man's relation to his environment by tracing present conditions and tendencies to historic processes. The course would include the following features in the order named:

1. The physical nature of the universe. The earth in relation to the universe. The geological epochs.

2. Man as a product of evolution, including the general outlines of biological evolution, leading to the emergence of man. . . .

3. The early history of man. . . . Types of primitive culture. Distribution of peoples. Racial theories.

4. Historical processes leading to present cultural conditions. This will be by far the most extensive part of the course and will deal with the emergence of political forms, economic development, and the development of institutions and ideas.

5. Modern problems, political, economic, and social. . . .

INTRODUCTION TO HUMAN BIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY: 1. Outlines of human development and distribution on earth. . . .

2. Introduction to general biology. (a) General structure of the human body traced from the simplest living units. . . .

3. Specific human development of the sex-reproductive-child-rearing function. (a) The facts of structure, functions, development, and hygiene of the sex and reproductive apparatus of the male and female; (b) the outstanding facts of maternity and paternity; (c) effects of sex on individual human development from fertilization to maturity; (d) the nature and power of the sex impulse; (e) the gradually developed sex controls imposed on the individual by society; (f) the pathological effects of perverse and unsocial uses of sex in society; (g) the facts underlying a satisfactory adjustment in marriage and homemaking.

GENERAL MATHEMATICAL ANALYSIS: First semester: 1. Philosophical concepts of number and form. 2. The function concept. Problems of variation. Graphical methods. 3. Fundamental theorems of calculus, emphasizing their practical application. 4. Fundamental theorems of trigonometry. Theory and use of logarithms.

Second semester: 1. General introduction to statistical method. Averages. Mathematical basis of index numbers. Measurement of variation. 2. Theory of probability as the basis for statistics. Concept of chance. Law of large numbers, when applicable. Correlation. 3. Application of above principles to specific problems in the natural and social sciences. 4. Emphasis on purely formal nature of statistical results; statistics as a tool.

ENGLISH LITERATURE: The aim is to present literature as an aspect of life. The emphasis is therefore on subject matter rather than on technical or historical problems. The work of the first semester deals with those writers such as Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Spenser, who may be said to have presented a view of life as a whole. In the second semester, the development of various significant themes in English poetry and prose is traced, as, for instance, the set of ideas which had their origin in Plato's Symposium. Modern writers are in all cases introduced with a view to giving the student an understanding and appreciation of the growth and permanence of literary reactions to life.

Such a plan makes us feel like going back to college and learning a thing or two, but that seems hard to arrange. Consequently we shall content ourselves with assembling about us our Wells, our Robinson, our van Loon, and drinking such draughts of education as time and laziness allow. And we shall watch the progress of this plan and of all other promising innovations with a new hope in the future of education in America and of American civilization itself.

Concerning Tranquillity

"I LOVE a broad margin to my life," said Thoreau. So do we all. But the margins of our lives have been smudged and scribbled over more and more. Yet it will not do to say that we are falsely busy; the world has grown terribly intricate and there is always the melancholy doubt whether it is not the necessary text of life that has been forced to encroach upon the margin. It is easy to sit in the sun all forenoon if the scope of your thought extends no farther than the house next door. Tranquillity is a simple thing to those who do not know why they should be troubled. But if the terrors of the contracted world beat upon your soul, it is not at all sure that the attitude of the detached sage is as noble a one for you as the philosophers declare. For what strikes you most as you watch the world is that a good deal of its pain is avoidable and you cannot help aching to make what seems to you "reason and the will of God" prevail.

Upon this course, however, energy is apt to become mere fretfulness. Your friends advise a country life. You try it and are amused by their simplicity. The long, tough roots of the witch-grass that must be painfully torn from your asparagus bed repeat the story of the world to you in no uncertain symbols; the nurseryman sends an impudent bill for the trees you have set out at the edge of your lawn and the most noble and primitive of human occupations entangles you in the economic machinery which you are trying so hard to forget. You turn from these things and, standing on a ridge of land, listen to the keen, thin piping—it is not yet a trill—of the song-sparrow. The call of mating. Dark falls and you turn in. The logs are wet and the early spring evening is chill; on your table lies a periodical devoted to country life which is full of advice how to keep busy and use the most complicated of mechanical devices. There may be the rest here that is said to attend a change of occupation. Of tranquillity there is little to be observed. The margin is still scribbled over though with different matter.

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No, it is not country life in the accepted sense that will induce tranquillity into the mind. It will harden the muscles and bronze the skin. But tennis on a city court will serve almost as well. We follow Wordsworth too little and the author of How to Plan a Rose Garden too much. Hills are better and best if they are barren. Desirable above all things is a headland jutting out into the sea. There must be a hill behind you to shut off even the hollow barking of a dog and in front a stretch of beach, a few boulders, and nothing but the "moving waters" between the farthest of these and Portugal. In such a spot you can forget both Portugal and the village at your back. The wind does indeed seem to blow in from eternity; the noise of the waters has lost its last touch of kinship with the human world; the rocks are but rocks, even as they were in the beginning. From here, too, there is a path to the untrodden dunes. The villagers never come to them which offer neither business nor pleasure, neither profit nor amusement. That is the certain sign. You have come to the place of tranquillity which has nothing in common with any of these things. It is pure vision, pure contemplation, pure abstraction from the clutter and fever of the world. You turn away even from the glimmer of a far-off lighthouse and have kept the margin of life on one day, at least, as broad and virgin as the sands about you.

Is the Russian Famine Ended?

CONFUSING stories come out of Russia. Mr. Nansen says that nearly eight million have starved to death. Other investigators estimate less than half a million. Mr. Harmsworth, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, told the House of Commons last month that British reports indicated that the famine situation was becoming worse and worse. Some of Mr. Hoover's agents in this country tell us that the peak of the famine has been passed, that its back has been broken. Such statements inevitably tend to discourage further giving for Russian relief.

There have been various stories at various times which have tended to hinder Russian relief, and we take little more stock in the latest than in the earliest. Last January we were told that the Russians were short of box-cars and that for that reason no more food could be sent in; Governor Goodrich, Mr. Hoover's own investigator, now tells us that they have and have had plenty of box-cars. Later the ports were blocked with Hoover shipments; now we find Colonel Haskell, Mr. Hoover's director in Russia, cabling: "Our difficulties not at ports but at internal junction-points." The reports of the Russian Red Cross, of the Swedish Red Cross, of the Italian Red Cross, of the English and American Quakers, of Mr. Nansen's agents, agree in emphasizing the continuing need. It is of course true that the enormous shipments from foreign relief organizations —the American Relief Administration alone has shipped 575,000 tons of food to Russia—together with the even greater amounts obtained for relief by the Soviet Government itself, have lessened the immediate need. People are no longer dying by thousands; starvation is less although hunger continues. Spring is here; the ice is broken in the rivers; seed is being sown; grass and shrubs are green once more; millions who might have died are still alive. But the ghastly effects of the famine remain and must long remain; millions who live are shadows of their former selves; villages have been deserted; fields lie untilled. The great danger is that the outside world which has been so generously giving will think that its job is done and will forget that even before the acute famine Russia was as much in need of relief as France and Belgium during the war or Germany in the post-armistice period. We cannot do better than quote a few paragraph from the excellent letter recently sent by Wilbur K. Thomas, secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, to its contributors:

On account of statements which have been published in American papers, I should like to answer a few of the questions which we are asked most frequently.

1. Have you been able to get your supplies into Russia?

All our shipments have been forwarded from the port of entry to the famine area with a minimum delay. The winter has been severe and this, coupled with a crippled railroad system, has delayed shipments to some extent, but so far we have had no cause for complaint. Delays are inevitable in handling large shipments, but we feel that the Soviet Government has done the very best it could under the circumstances. They have given the right of way to all food shipments, carried the supplies free of charge, and furnished warehouses and helpers for handling the supplies.

2. Has the famine situation been met?

No, there are still hundreds of thousands to be fed, and the food cannot be got to them before next harvest. Relief should have been extended to about 20 million and the very best that all of the organizations can do will not reach more than 9 or 10 million. This larger number will probably not be fed except for a period of two months at the very most. Up to July 1 we can increase the number of people fed according to the amount of money received. The number of deaths from famine this winter has been estimated by Dr. Nansen to be somewhere around 8 million. However, figures of deaths during famine are almost always overestimated.

3. What of the future?

If the crops are very good this summer, there will not be much need for supplementary feeding next winter. So far we have been unable to get any reliable statistics as to crop prospects, acreage of winter wheat sowed, or the possibility of getting the spring wheat sowed at the proper time. Unless the crop is very good, it will be necessary to carry on famine relief work next winter. We will make a report on crop conditions as soon as possible.

In the meantime there is a great need for all the sanitary, medical, and hospital supplies that can be got in. . . .

We expect to continue our work in Russia for several years. Even after the famine situation is met there will be tremendous need for outside help. Moreover, we believe that one of the best ways to bring about normal conditions is to give some expression of friendship and good-will to the people themselves. We purpose to continue the distribution of relief without regard to class or creed, trusting that by so doing we are helping to create a better understanding between the two peoples.

That is the spirit which has made "Quaker" a word to conjure with in lands where the historic or doctrinal meaning of the word is unknown. Finally, lest any who might give should still hesitate to put pen to check we quote, by permission, from a recent letter from Herbert Hoover, head of the American Relief Administration, himself a Quaker by birthright, the following statement:

I have no doubt that suffering in Russia will continue for many years, and that while the great famine drought may happily be cured by the arrival of the next harvest it will not end the necessity for charity in the saving of human life and in the protection of the health of children.

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The Children's Crusade for Amnesty

By MARY HEATON VORSE

A GROUP of travel-worn working women and their children paraded from the Grand Central Station up Madison Avenue. The young girls stared straight ahead of them; babies stumbled with fatigue. Women, carrying children, sagged along wearily. They carry banners. The little boy who walks on ahead has a firm mouth and holds his head up. His banner reads "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." There are other banners, which read "A Hundred and Thirteen Men Jailed for Their Opinions"; "Eugene Debs Is Free—Why Not My Daddy?" One banner inquires "Is the Constitution Dead?" One young girl carries a banner, "My Mother Died of Grief." One woman with a three-year-old baby holds a banner saying "I Never Saw My Daddy."

Reporters, movie men, and members of the bomb squad accompany the band of women and children. This is a new sort of a show. This is a grief parade. These are the wives and children of men serving sentences under the Espionage Act, the wives and children of political prisoners jailed for their opinions. Some of the men did not believe in killing, and some belong to labor organizations. Not one of them was accused of any crime. They are serving sentences from five to twenty years.

Their wives and children are on a crusade. They have come from Kansas corn-fields and from the cotton farms of Oklahoma, from New England mill towns, from small places in the Southwest. They have been through many cities. They are on the way to Washington to see the President of the United States.* They have come here showing their wounds and their humiliation. They have spread out before us their frugal, laborious days. With a terrible bravery they have displayed them so that you and I might see them and be moved—perhaps, and, perhaps, help.

The little procession moves on solemnly. The banners are glittering mirrors held up to you and me—upholders of the Constitution, are you not? Proud of our country's tradition of freedom. Secure in our belief in the inalienable rights accorded to all men in America. You and I have waited for this quiet silent misery to come forth from its sacred reserve. We have waited, many of us—before we would even write a letter for amnesty—to see the poverty and grief of children displayed on the streets of our cities.

Look at the banners! They say: "Here is our civilization. Look at it. Our women and our children must parade sorrow on the streets to get justice. See these children. Look at their tired faces. This is part of America's show. Come, folks, look at the sorrow of the children. Men and women of America, look at these reticent mountain women. Look at these shrinking young girls staring straight ahead of them. Look at this home-keeping old mother and these sensitive boys. Look at the tired babies. And realize what desperation has sent them on this crusade through your cities." These banners have another message for the workers who look at them. It is: "The Constitution is a joke. There are no inalienable rights for workers in America."

The little procession comes to an end. They reach the Amalgamated Food Workers headquarters. Friends greet them. Chefs from great restaurants have cooked them dinner and waiters have brought them flowers, and gifts for the children. The strained faces of the children relax. The tired women rest. There is one thing that they have gained on this trip that nothing can take from them—the knowledge that they have friends, for some of them have lived in a terrible isolation since their husbands and fathers went to jail. A number of the crusaders are women whose husbands belong to the Working Class Union. This union of tenant farmers sprang up spontaneously in the Southwest. The farmers were banded together, hoping through cooperative effort to better their conditions. The union grew rapidly and promised to become a power. The interests didn't like this. The war and the timely Espionage Act furnished a pretext for a round-up. Over a hundred of the most active were arrested. The rank and file were released, the organizers and leaders given long sentences.

These women from mountain villages and their children come of a breed which closes its mouth on grief. Their difficult lives do not allow them such soft habits as the indulgence of tears. One thing they had: they had their privacy. They had the habit of keeping their sorrows inviolate. The proud instinct for seclusion is in the marrow of them. They never came in conflict with the law. They settled their differences between themselves. Understanding this, I want to say to them:

"I know you should have been left to bear the hardships of your lot with your austere dignity. You should have been left to press the firm lips of your determined mouths together in perpetual silence. The decency of your reticence should never have been invaded. I know all this. But the civilization in which we live has made the violation of these sacred things necessary. That is why you left your home. That is why you came on your crusade. That is why I must write, though to put your story into printed words seems a further violation."

When I think of what we call the "American woman" again, it will be of Mrs. Bryant—victorious in the face of poverty, illness, imprisonment. Her triumph is summed up in these words: I put my girls through school.

Mrs. Bryant looks like a tall pine tree, battered by the storm. Like a tree that has had little soil to grow on, but standing on a high place. She has never bent or given to the blows which life has dealt her.

When Mr. Bryant was taken to jail, they were living in a tent in an oil town. It was during the influenza epidemic and every one in the family was sick in bed. The eldest daughter lay dying. George Bryant said: "Don't feel bad, mother. Anyway, she won't have to see me go to jail."

As soon as Mrs. Bryant got out of bed, she made up her mind that the girls were going to go to school—father or no father, jail or no jail. She got a wash-tub, and she got a wash-board, and she washed clothes, and those two girls went to school and they are graduating this year. Though I have never seen George Bryant, there is one thing I am sure of—that in his jail he is as unbent and as unbroken as that rock of a woman, his wife.

There was another thing that Mrs. Bryant determined to

* The President was too busy to see them—he was engaged on that day receiving Lord and Lady Astor.—EDITOR.

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do. She determined to see her husband. Nickel by nickel and dime by dime, with sacrifices that soft people like us do not know about, she saved the price of a ticket to Leavenworth—one hundred dollars. The bank where she kept the money failed. She has not seen her husband.

Somehow I imagine these two silent people have never lost touch. Through the walls of the prison their thoughts meet, for even a free country like ours has found no way yet to jail men's thoughts. As yet, we only go to jail for thinking. There are many women like her in America.

The Benefield family live in a high mountain town, a small forgotten place. There are six children. Five are on the crusade. Some soft, kind-hearted woman asked Gene Benefield the sort of question you ask a chubby baby of six. "What do you play when you are home?"

He said: "I pick cotton and I chop cotton." That is all the Benefield children know about play since their father is in jail—they pick cotton and they chop cotton.

Last year the cotton crop failed. They worked from light until dark and what they made for all the year was $75. They are great, beautiful children, strong and bonny, but they do not smile. They live for themselves. You sense about them the isolation that a jail sentence brings to a family in a little community. They are close together as the fingers of a hand, closed against wounding intrusion like a fist.

Irene Danley carries the banner which reads "My Mother Died of a Broken Heart."

There isn't a neighbor around her place who wouldn't tell you that. There, in the Southwest, there is none of the backing that makes life easier for relatives of political prisoners in the cities. In the country places neighbors whisper and school children jeer at the children of a man in jail. So the mother of the Danley children could not stand the spiritual isolation that walls in the family of a convicted man as surely as the walls surround him and she died of it. Strong sixteen-year-old May Danley came on the crusade, leaving her plow standing in the field—the clay of the furrow still on her shoes. She is working as a farm laborer to support her sisters and brothers.

Mrs. William Hicks has tasted quite a few of the advantages of our democracy. Imagine a frail woman, not over five feet tall, who is always ailing. Her preacher husband has been a missionary in India. They were married on his way to America. They drifted to the Southwest. Mr. William Madison Hicks is a descendant of Elias Hicks, the founder of the Quaker Hicksites, and so a pacifist. He did not believe in killing, and this strange aversion caused the gorge of the brave people around him to rise and they dug up a letter which he had written in 1912 to a friend in England, foretelling the war and describing the effect of industry on the American workers. This convicted him.

A month after he was in jail, the baby Helen Keller was born. That made four babies under seven. Mrs. Hicks had to be cared for by the county. The judge took away the next older baby, and when in the courtroom she wept and begged for it he told her she could not have it because she was a county charge and the wife of a convict. So you see, Mrs. Hicks knows a good deal about the benefits of a democracy.

These are some of the stories that Kate O'Hare, their leader, told me as we sat together in the hall of the friendly Food Workers. The great majority of these women know little of the far-reaching conflict of the class struggle. The waiters made an ironic gift to the children—each child got a bank of the Statue of Liberty. But they saw no irony in this. They even sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

Kate O'Hare was herself imprisoned for two years in Jefferson City Penitentiary for her opinions. The plan for the crusade started in her office, when Mrs. Stanley Clark and Mrs. Reeder, travel-worn and weary, came in to tell her of their fruitless trip to Washington. Stanley Clark belongs to the Chicago I. W. W. case—that remarkable legal process that will one day be a classic in our history. When the wide net was spread out for the I. W. W. leaders a broad-minded choice was made. No fragile scruples were permitted to interfere with the magnificent course of justice. Dead men as well as living were indicted. They indicted murdered Frank Little. They indicted a man who had been smashed to death on a freight train a year before. They indicted men who had ceased for years to be members of the organization and they indicted men who had never been members. Among these was Stanley Clark, a lawyer, and, although a Socialist, ardently pro-war. His crime was that of collecting money for the families of the Bisbee deportees. Mrs. Clark went to Washington where she was told to get affidavits to support her statements. Through the States of Arizona and Texas Mrs. Clark gathered her testimony. She sent it to Washington. No one knows what has become of it. A waste-basket may have been its fate, or a pigeonhole.

It was hearing this story that made Kate O'Hare think of the crusade. She saw the tired, despairing women before her and she thought of all the women she knew in mill towns and on farms whose petitions have never been heard of, and she thought grimly "These women and children will be a petition that cannot be thrown into a waste-basket."

I cannot tell all their stories. Of the Reeders, who live in the shadow of Leavenworth jail; of Francis Miller, who inspected half of the cloth for the American Army, but is now serving his ten years because he is an I. W. W. organizer; of gifted Ralph Chaplin, the poet, father of little Ivan, who has been given the savage sentence of twenty years for having once been editor of *Solidarity*. I do not forget them any more than I forget those other men in jail who have no women or children to march for them; Vincent St. John, for instance, who is serving ten years, although when the Espionage Act was passed he had not been a member of the I. W. W. for years.

I will tell, though, the story of the only mother of a prisoner, Mrs. Hough. She is a little woman and she looks like the ideal picture of "Mother." She stayed at my house. We talked together homey talk—the common language of women. She told me about her children and I told her about mine and we got to know each other real well, and pretty soon she got telling me about Clyde and her story went like this:

"When the war came, Clyde came to me and said 'Mother, I've been studying over it all night and I made up my mind. I can't kill any one. I'm not going to register.' Clyde was brought up in Wisconsin, where people do not believe in killing. This makes a difference to a boy. I said 'Clyde, you do what you think is right.' So he went and gave himself up to the jail. And my other son said 'Mother, I know how you feel about killing, but I've got to go.' I said 'Son, is this conscientious? If it is, go on.' And so, one son went to jail and the other went to France, both doing what they thought right. When Clyde was in jail the I. W. W.

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case came up. Clyde, you know, had belonged to the I. W. W. for a few months. The woodworkers union Clyde belonged to was an I. W. W. organization. He was in jail when the Espionage Act was passed. The day he got out of jail they arrested him. Clyde thought it was an April fool joke—it was the first of April—and even when they took him to Chicago he did not think he was arrested; he thought he was a witness. He was never indicted and he was never tried—he couldn't have conspired, for, you see, he was in jail. Clyde never realized what was happening to him until they sentenced him to five years. He was so sure it wasn't anything that he even did not take his warm underclothes when he went to Chicago—I had to send them to him. I stood it all right for a long time, but then I got sick and got to thinking about Clyde in the night and I could not stand it and I took to crying. I cried and cried and could not stop crying for days, thinking of my Clyde. It was too much. One boy in France and the other in jail."

And as I listened to her talking, the same terrible sense of responsibility that had come over me at the sight of those children's banners came over me again: What have we been doing, the lovers of justice in this country, while Clyde Hough and the others stayed in jail?

The day in New York is over. They stand in a little group waiting in the Pennsylvania Station to make the next station of the cross. Curious people crowd around.

Look at their tired faces, ladies and gentlemen! Look at their scarred hands. Have a glimpse of Mrs. Hough's grief. Notice Mrs. Hicks, who never smiles. Take another look at Ivan Chaplin. He cries over the poem his father wrote him when he went to jail. It's an interesting sight, brimming over with human interest. A wonderful spectacle for a fine, free country.

There is a grim Eastern legend that in the hands of the Angel of Justice is a cup, and when this cup is full with tears of children they overflow on the ground and from the place where the tears fall grows a magic tree—a gallows on which to hang the tyrant who caused the tears. This fable has the heart of truth. You may read your history to see if this is so. Ivan Chaplin and the Benefields and the Reeder children have helped to fill the cup here in America.

Maybe the last moment of their stay in New York was a prophecy. One of the children was late. She ran for the train. The door was closed. The Philadelphia Express was leaving.

"Open the gate," she cried. *"It's a Crusader!"* And the gate, that once closed opens for no one, rolled back, and the train stopped.

Perhaps the door of Leavenworth will fly back to the cry *"Open! The Crusaders are here!"*

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY G. ALSBERG has just returned from an eight weeks' visit to Mexico.

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Mexico: The Price of Recognition

By HENRY G. ALSBERG

NOTHING is more difficult than a true appraisal of forces and tendencies in a country like Mexico just emerging from a long period of internal unrest and revolution. A comparatively short stay of little more than two months by no means justifies cocksure conclusions or the assumption of the airs of an expert. Yet even a person who had spent only a week in Mexico would be deeply impressed by the one outstanding, indisputable fact, namely, that all Mexican political and economic life is dominated, overshadowed by the issue of recognition by the United States—and by the fear of intervention in some form as the grim alternative to recognition. Everything is done with an eye continually cocked on the great Northern neighbor. The most local concerns, the opening of a new kind of school, the division of a piece of land among the inhabitants of an obscure village, the settlement of a strike always raise the query: How will the papers up there represent the matter? The Government has even forced the removal of a state governor against whom there was no complaint except that he was giving reactionary elements a pretext for their campaign for American intervention. The opposition press of Mexico City and the provinces constantly takes advantage of this weapon, fear of the United States, in order to block the Government. The entire atmosphere of Mexican public and economic life is electric with this fear of the Northern neighbor. In the hotel lobbies where lantern-jawed concession-chasers congregate, it figures in every calculation.

The Obregon Government, if the interim presidency of De la Huerta be reckoned as part of this regime, has been at the helm nearly two years. There is no need to argue whether Obregon's is a good or a bad government; the fact remains that he and his followers have been able to build up a reasonably stable state machine which according to established international custom is entitled to recognition. But the United States has thus far refused recognition and, as a high Mexican official informed me, in accordance with our understanding with England and France these last-named countries have also withheld their recognition. The result is that Mexico now finds itself suffering from a real financial and economic blockade. The Obregon Government cannot get loans or financial help from any outside source whatsoever until our State Department has taken his name off its black list. Mexico is tremendously rich, but her riches remain for the most part undeveloped—merely potential. Her financial and economic condition is at present deplorable. She needs to be helped onto her feet once more. But all loans to the Government, as well as private investments, wait upon a nod from Washington.

In its policy toward Mexico, as in its relations with other Latin-American countries, one suspects that our State Department has been actuated by considerations which do not appear on the surface. Reasonable caution before recognizing a new government might be excusable. Yet, if that were the main consideration for withholding recognition of Mexico for two years, why did Washington recently commit itself to the very hasty, the almost indecently hasty, recognition of the new Guatemalan Government, the most reactionary and malodorous that has come into power in Cen-

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tral America for years? The accusation is made in Mexico by thoroughly trustworthy persons that Washington hastened to recognize the new Orellana Government because the latter formally agreed to conditions which will reduce Guatemala to the position of a dependency of the United States, like Cuba. Special American interests, and special privileges for American capital, were said to have been recognized and supervision of Guatemala's financial and political affairs agreed to. If such an understanding was actually entered into it but further substantiates the allegation that our State Department has actively intervened in Central-American affairs with the object of breaking up any attempt at a Central American Union and of substituting for such a union American suzerainty.

Alvaro Obregon has gone very far in his attempt to conciliate what is thought to be American public opinion. The American bankers who are at the head of the international bankers' committee trying to reach a settlement with the Obregon Government with regard to Mexico's debts maintain that they do not influence the State Department in its policy of non-recognition and inform Mexico's representatives that even if the committee's terms should be agreed to, recognition could not be promised. Meanwhile Obregon and his ministers have always acknowledged the validity of the debts, and quite recently Calles, chief of Obregon's Cabinet, told me that Mexico intended to pay all her indebtedness in full. So much for Mexican concessions to foreign opinion in this matter of the national debt. And Obregon has gone quite as far in other directions. The Mexican Supreme Court by a recent decision drew the teeth of the famous Article 27 of the constitution; but repeated declarations by Obregon and members of his Cabinet had already given assurance that no retroactive interpretation affecting foreign holdings would be given to this article. More recently the whole program of land division, by which the disinherited peon was at last to get a chance for a freeman's existence, was held up until Obregon could formulate rules and regulations for the local land commissions, so that all injustice to landholders, especially foreign landholders, might be obviated. Moreover the Mexican President has permitted the free exploitation of all privately owned oil lands; indeed, within the last few weeks he has gone further and has thrown open the national domain for exploitation by natives and foreigners on equal terms. Many of Obregon's associates sincerely doubt the wisdom of this measure, in view of the difficulties which Mexico has already had to face because of controversies with foreign investors. It looks very much like laying up serious trouble for the future. But Obregon evidently considers that he has no choice in the premises; he conceives that this is the only way to conciliate America and persuade her to recognition.

And yet despite these facts the State Department continues to withhold recognition. What is the key to this mystery? Is the same policy being pursued against Mexico that has been followed in the West Indies and in Central America? Our State Department appears to be putting into effect a private and unofficial imperialism of its own in Latin America. Without the consent of Congress or of the American people, a hegemony over Latin America seems by way of being established, through actual intervention, threat of intervention, or withholding of recognition. It is time that someone in Congress demanded that the Secretary of State submit the entire record of our official and unofficial correspondence with Mexico and Central America since Mr. Harding's inauguration. In Mexico I was informed by persons of the highest authority that our State Department during Mr. Hughes's incumbency has sent a series of notes to the Mexican Government which, if acceded to, would have deprived Mexico of her standing as an independent nation. I was told in all earnestness that our State Department had demanded as its price of recognition that Mexico sign a treaty which would have reduced her to the status of a protectorate. This treaty, said my informant, was almost a replica of that accepted by Guatemala before recognition. My informant said that his Government was willing to make almost any concession to the United States except this, to sign a treaty surrendering national sovereignty in exchange for recognition. Some of the demands made by the State Department notes and proposals sent to Obregon since Mr. Harding's inauguration, I was told, were:

1. Supervision in some form of elections, or at any rate the assurance that so-called radicals, among whom were included some of the most prominent members of the parties now in power, should not be candidates for election;
2. A demand that all radical elements, including these same individuals, leave Mexico;
3. An exception in favor of American Protestant churches in Mexico permitting them to hold property and conduct schools. The fundamental laws of the country forbid any church to hold lands or conduct sectarian schools;
4. Recognition of all concessions and land grants given under Diaz, no matter how acquired;
5. Special rights to American capitalists over capitalists of other nationalities;
6. A demand that the old minority stockholders in the Mexican railways be given control of them, though the Mexican Government holds 51 per cent of the stock.

At any rate fair-minded persons, having in mind the record of our State Department in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Central America, must demand that the mystery of our withholding recognition from Mexico be at last resolved and the full record made public. Mexico is trying to get on her feet once more, not in the old Diaz way by oppression and exploitation of the peon for the sake of a few great landholders, but by an attempt to give a small measure of justice and happiness to the masses. The Government program is no more radical than that of Poland and Rumania. The division of a small portion of the land among the peons in Mexico, as in Eastern Europe, will be the condition precedent to any real political stability. The expropriated landlords are to be indemnified, as in Rumania, with interest-bearing bonds. This constitutes the main Mexican project of reform. An attempt is also under way to ameliorate to a small extent the lamentable conditions under which the factory proletariat exists, conditions much worse than those of British and American labor half a century ago. Yet this program is being represented as dangerously "radical" and is being used as a pretext to poison American public opinion and to justify our State Department imperialists. Every decent American must feel sorrow and shame to think that in Mexico his country has become the synonym of reaction and oppression. For by withholding recognition we prevent Mexico from getting the means of reconstruction and economic recovery. The burden of proof is on our State Department; it should publish the entire correspondence, official and unofficial, with the republics to the south of us so that the American people may judge for themselves whether or not the charges made by responsible Mexicans are based on fact.

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Decomposing the Atom

By GERALD L. WENDT

TRANSMUTATION, "sought through the ages," as the daily press has it, is too large a word to apply to our present subatomic powers. Disintegration is certain; decomposition is just becoming recognized; but integration and synthesis are nearly as far off as ever. But not quite, for the significant progress has been in our conception of the problem, in the establishment of the reality of the atom and its approximate anatomy, and in our knowledge of its possibilities. Ten years ago we still spoke of the "atomic theory" and thought of ultimate, impenetrable particles; today there is evidence that even so crude an agent as heat can shatter the larger atoms into fragments.

The cautious chemist may still say that matter "acts as if" it were atomic in structure. That has been evident since John Dalton's "New System of Chemical Philosophy" appeared in 1810. As sufficient proof there is the definite and invariable composition of all the common chemical compounds, no matter of what terrestrial or meteoric origin, together with the simple and exact ratios obtaining when there are two or more compounds of the same elements; as, for instance, the combination of three grams of carbon with four grams of oxygen to give carbon monoxide and with eight grams to give carbon dioxide. These are among the myriad facts which are explicable only on the assumption that the elements are composed of uniform particles of definite weight which are, for chemical purposes, indivisible. But from this category of necessary but ideal, in Karl Pearson's term, the atom was transferred to the real by twentieth-century physics and especially by the beautiful photographs of alpha rays in flight made by C. T. R. Wilson twelve years ago.

It was the alpha particle which opened the subatomic world to investigation. Ten years elapsed after the discovery of radium by the Curies in 1898 before the nature of the alpha particle was definitely known: an atom of helium projected from the radium atom with one-tenth the velocity of light, or about 18,000 miles a second. Its loss leaves the parent atom no longer radium. The radium atom weights 226 units on the basis of hydrogen, lightest of them all, as one. The helium atom weighs four units. And after the atomic explosion that goes by the name of radioactivity, when this helium atom has been ejected, there remains an atom weighing 222 units which is niton, or "radium emanation" in the earlier and ignorant phrase, a gas utterly different from radium in physical and chemical properties, and like it, in fact, in only the one characteristic that it, too, is radioactive and subsequently explodes to give further elements and ultimately lead. With the final proof by Sir Ernest Rutherford in 1908 that the alpha particle is actually helium, atomic disintegration was thus established.

With it the definition, though not the conception, of a chemical element needed to be revised. It had been a substance which is not decomposable into simpler substances in the sense that all of the millions of different substances can be resolved into the list of ninety-two elements. The chemist avoided a new conception by saying now that an element cannot be decomposed *by man at will*. That covers the case, for the processes of radioactivity pursue their course entirely oblivious of any efforts at control, be they mechanical, thermal, electrical, or magnetic. In terms of the atomic theory—still a theory—the atoms are indivisible except in these exceptional cases of spontaneous disintegration. The definition held until two years ago.

Wilson's photographs were a revelation. Utilizing the fact that alpha rays in passage through a gas produce ions, or charged gaseous molecules, and that these ions serve as nuclei for the condensation of tiny droplets of water when excessive water vapor is present, he devised an apparatus for sending a minute bundle of these rays through a volume of air saturated with water vapor, instantaneously expanded the volume, and thus produced supersaturation with water vapor and hence condensation of droplets on the ions, and at the same instant illumined with a brilliant spark and recorded the result photographically. And so we have photographs of the tracks of the rays, short, straight, clear-cut lines. The alpha particle itself is far too minute to be directly visible but this record of its wake constitutes a sense-impression which is unmistakable and which beyond further argument establishes the existence of atoms as a fact.

And more—these same photographs gave the first clue to the atomic interiors. Briefly, the manner in which the alpha particle was seen to rebound from certain few among the billions of gaseous atoms through which it passed was intelligible only on the assumption that these particular atoms had been struck in a special portion of their anatomy, which must be enormously dense and heavily charged with positive electricity. Further study has confirmed from many points of view the theory that the actual mass of the atom is confined to a relatively minute nucleus at its center and that this mass is positively charged, with the bulk of the atom composed of a compensating number of negative electrons circulating about the nucleus in wide orbits. Gone is Sir Isaac Newton's "hard, massy particle," the billiard-ball atom without insides. Instead we must think of a minute planetary model, the bulk of whose volume is even more empty than is the volume occupied by the solar system. A significant difference from this analogy is that the nucleus is extremely small, even relatively, in spite of the fact that the entire mass, or matter, is concentrated there. As Rutherford put it, it is a "fly in a cathedral," or, in the picture of Dr. Irving Langmuir, if the orbit of the external electrons were a mile in diameter, the electrons themselves would have a diameter of five feet, while the nucleus at the center would be of the size of a walnut.

The relations between the various elements can now be stated in terms of their atomic architecture. Hydrogen is the simplest. Its atom has but a single positive charge on its nucleus and only one electron circulating about it. In the others these hydrogen nuclei seem to be in some manner agglomerated into heavier nuclei, and as the mass and positive charge are thus built up in the nucleus sufficient electrons are also added to preserve electrical neutrality in the atom and to give an increasingly complex system of electronic orbits in its outer portions. In the heaviest atoms provision must be made for more than ninety circulating electrons. But this, as yet, is theory or even hypothesis.

Yet atomic decomposition is a fact. From the above point of view atomic decomposition must be nuclear decom-

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position. It is in the nucleus that the mass resides, and on that all else depends. While electrons are easily knocked off from the outer regions by such agents as light, X-rays, and heat, an effect called ionization, this is of little consequence, for it requires little energy, and electrons are readily picked up again by the ion to restore once more the original atom. But decomposition must go further: the nucleus must be broken. This requires inordinate quantities of energy, for the intense forces within the nucleus must be overcome. Only one method is well established, that of Sir Ernest Rutherford. Another, which has been wrongly heralded as transmutation, has been applied in the writer's laboratory with such promising results that confirmation by other investigators has become important.

Rutherford worked on a minute scale, using again individual alpha rays with a skill that even for his unique genius is phenomenal. The alpha particles were projected one by one into a small chamber where they collided with heavier atoms. Beyond the scene of the collisions he placed a sensitive screen of a material which emits a visible phosphorescent flash whenever and wherever it is struck by one of these high-speed atomic projectiles. It was so placed that none of the original rays could reach it—beyond the range of their own velocity. Nevertheless when the possibility of collision intervened flashes were seen. This means that fragments lighter than the alpha particle were produced in the collisions and were given correspondingly higher velocities by the impact. They were hydrogen nuclei. Six different elements have been shown to give rise to hydrogen in this way, namely, boron, nitrogen, fluorine, sodium, phosphorus, and aluminium. Unquestionably this is atomic decomposition, though on an excessively minute scale and with the application of relatively tremendous energy.

Chemists are limited to much cruder methods. In our own work we took a hint from the astronomers, who have found that the composition of the stars varies with their temperature. Judged by their spectra they seem to contain the same elements as the earth, but it is significant that on the hotter stars many of the heavier and more complex elements are missing. The very hottest stars, with temperatures approaching 20,000° centigrade, show predominantly the spectrum of helium while the progressively cooler classes of stars reveal an increasing list of the heavier elements. The obvious suggestion is that at extreme temperatures the atomic collisions are so violent as to shatter the larger nuclei or to prevent their formation from the smaller units of hydrogen and helium. This is far from certain, however, because the effect of high temperature may be only complete ionization, complete separation of all the external electrons, since it is these electrons which produce the spectra and without them we have no astronomical means of identifying the elements.

This effect of extreme temperature became capable of laboratory test through the ingenuity of Dr. J. A. Anderson of the Mt. Wilson Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution. He devised a method for producing temperatures above 20,000° centigrade, or 35,000° Fahrenheit, which consists of the discharge of a large quantity of electricity under high pressure through a very fine metallic wire. A massive electrical condenser is charged by a transformer to a voltage well above 30,000 volts, preferably 100,000. By suitable control this energy is then instantaneously sent into a short wire about 0.001 inch in diameter. The heat generated vaporizes the wire and heats the vapor to a degree much hotter than any previously reached in the laboratory and apparently hotter than prevails on any star. A brilliant flash a hundred times brighter than direct sunlight is produced, lasting only 1/300,000th of a second. Dr. Wilson has used this method for the study of high temperature spectra. We harnessed the explosion in such a way as to collect the gases formed. Tungsten wires were used, chiefly because the high atomic weight of that metal renders its decomposition probable if the hypothesis is correct. The wires weighed about half a milligram, slightly over 1/100,000th of an ounce, and the gas produced in each explosion occupied a volume of about one cubic centimeter. This represents the conversion of nearly half the material of the wire into helium, which is the chief product according to the spectroscopic analysis of the gas.

This, then, if confirmed by later work, is atomic decomposition on a much larger scale than Rutherford's, though still small. It is significant, not in revising our conceptions in any way, for that had already been done by Rutherford in 1920, but in opening the way for large-scale investigation. Further study should show what other elements were formed besides helium and when a quantitative technique is attained should give us fairly precise information as to the exact structure of the atomic nucleus. And, perhaps even more important, it should determine the energy conditions within the nucleus and the availability of atomic energy for man's use. It is conceivable that ultimately it will lead to a synthesis of the smaller atoms into larger ones, and when that becomes possible the manufacture of any metal from hydrogen and helium and from other metals will be within range—the transmutation that fascinated the mind of medieval baron and alchemist.

Energy, however, rather than gold, is the vital need of modern civilization and it is energy which is the prime factor in the subatomic world. It will be evident that prodigious energy is needed to fracture an atom but, to compensate, once this is effected very great quantities of energy may be liberated. When radium disintegrates into lead five successive alpha particles are ejected from each atomic nucleus, each with such velocity that the aggregate energy is astonishing. One gram of radium in changing into lead gives rise to several billion calories of heat, which is millions of times as large a quantity as is liberated by the burning of the same weight of coal. This is readily explicable if we remember that the one draws on the concentrated force fields within the nucleus while the other represents only the rearrangement of the electrons on the surface of the atom whereby the carbon and oxygen atoms are linked to form a molecule of carbonic oxide. It is all the difference between the water adhering to the outer skin of a watermelon and the reservoir within. If its subatomic energy were available a pound of radium would easily propel the largest liner across the Atlantic and leave nearly a pound of lead in place of cinders. It is, of course, not now available, for radium takes its own predestined time for this transformation and it is reckoned in thousands of years. But it is the great promise of atomic decomposition that means will be found to liberate this energy from common elements at will. When that happens the future coal supply will need to worry no one and coal strikes will at last be at an end. It is afar off but a new industrial era can be pictured which makes the coal age seem medieval indeed. And beside that prediction the prospect of ever making gold from dross fades into insignificance.

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The Pan-American Conference of Women

SENORITA GRACIELA MANDUJANO, Señora Aurora Herrera, Madame Maria Suarez de Coronado, Señora Clelia Paladino de Vitale—the names of the Latin-American women gleamed with a rich luster against a solid North-American background, a background of Mrs. Park and Miss Hayes and Mrs. Catt and Mrs. Edwards and the rest; and the music of Latin-American voices and Spanish speech flowed in a thin clear strain among harsher tones. Poetry was deftly woven in with prose and the resulting pattern was varied and interesting. Mrs. Smith of Iowa (I use it as a pseudonym, though there doubtless *was* a Mrs. Smith of Iowa) sat close to Señorita Mercedes Clotilde Gonzalez and talked earnestly of earnest subjects—child labor, maternity pensions, ages of consent—and the good that was born of the talk had no relation to those subjects: it was nothing more than a timid, hesitating intimacy between two persons of different worlds. Mrs. Smith did not know that American marines were even then abusing the friends of Señorita Mercedes Clotilde, and the Señorita forgot it for a moment, or ignored it, for after all it was not the fault of this nice American woman who was so free, so kindly, so alert to the needs of women and of children. It was the fault of the banks or of the governments or of diplomats. Many modest unions were thus born, and whether the bankers and the diplomats were helped or hindered would be hard to say. I do not believe that they were helped. Over a thousand American women, leaders in communities in almost every State, experienced a warm impulse of friendliness toward women of twenty-one countries in Central and South America. And now they have gone home to their thousand towns and farms bearing with them a sense of familiar acquaintance and of reality in countries which for most of them have been half mythical—places on a map, stories in a schoolbook. They will talk to their local leagues and their women's clubs with infinite familiarity of the ways of life in Uruguay and in Chile. "Señorita Gonzalez promised," they will say, "that if she ever passed through Indiana she'd surely stop off and pay me a visit."

Of course things were done at the Pan-American Conference and at the League of Women Voters Convention. The Latin-American women told of the state of affairs in their countries—except for Mexico and Uruguay and one or two more the state of affairs for women is very bad indeed—and graciously exposed themselves to advice and programs and information. And on their own initiative they formed an Association for the Advancement of Women to bind themselves together in a sort of Latin-American union of feminist activity. They took up this heavy cross as eagerly as if emancipation in their countries might be casually demanded and lightly accorded, and the American women briskly and beamingly cheered them on. But one of the delegates from the west coast of the Southern Continent said to me: "It is very easy to talk about the advancement of women here in your country where women are so free—here in this conference where all is enthusiasm. But when each one of us gets home to her country and all alone, or almost alone, faces the task of making women free . . ." —she shook her head—"then is the time when it will be hard. We will try but it will be hard."

Such instances are common, if not typical. Some of the South-American governments have sent women to the United States to college; suffrage seems about to be granted in the model little republic of Uruguay; but these were applauded as flaming exceptions. "In our country women are first and last mothers. We love children and we have many of them. To have less than six children is almost held to be a disgrace and often we have twice, three times that number. We have few laws for the protection of children, but we love them so much that perhaps laws are not so necessary. Philanthropy is in the hands of our society women who are very kind and do much for the poor"—such was the substance of many a delegate's remarks. It is a long task to which the Association for the Advancement of Women has set itself!

But the Latin-American women listened eagerly enough to the wider experience of the voting women of the United States and Canada. They took copious notes on child-welfare methods and on the protection of women workers; they were particularly eager to know of the efforts to control the traffic in women and to curb the inroads of venereal diseases which are blighting many of the Latin countries. These matters, too, they mean to remedy with their association. Do they realize that in order to do a half of what they plan they must emerge from their homes in thousands; must study and push into industries and professions; must learn to limit their quantity production of babies; must change the attitude of the men of their race?

The task ahead of them requires a dogged courage and a pioneer spirit quite in advance of the admirable League at whose convention they received their inspiration. The League of Women Voters has been able to build on foundations already laid; it is an organization of millions of members with branches in every State; consequently it is conservative. Its size conditions its temperament. It is powerful, opportunist, expert, rather awe-inspiring. If it fails to talk about birth control, that does not bother anybody except those of us who happen to believe that birth-control information is more important to women than anything else in the world; to talk about birth control would hurt child welfare and alienate a number of otherwise enlightened Catholic members. If it is not so intransigent about disarmament as some of us would wish, at least it goes far enough to be a help to honest politicians like Senator Borah. If it doesn't pay much attention to the economic causes of war and turns a rather glassy eye to the aspiring imperialism of the United States, at least it takes to its own motherly bosom people of all lands and thinks to mend the hurts of the world by personal kindness.

This moderation, this innocence, this avoidance of uncomfortable subjects makes the League of Women Voters impregnable in its own fields. It is respectable and American; and although we left-wing feminists and internationalists may scorn it, a lot of worthy aims will be accomplished while we are still riding head-on into our chosen windmills. Public decency will be advanced by reason of the efforts of the League of Women Voters, international friendliness will be increased, children will gain in health and education, the women of South America will be started on their long road out into the open. After all there are still people left in the world to beard Secretary Hughes in behalf of Haiti, to dig down to the roots of war, and to fight for the more elusive forms of freedom.

Baltimore, Md., April 28 FREDA KIRCHWEY

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The Opinions of Anatole France[1]

Recorded by PAUL GSELL

Skepticism

SKEPTIC! Skeptic! It is true, they still call me a skeptic. And for them that is the worst insult. But for me it is the finest praise. A skeptic! Why, that is what all the masters of French thought have been. Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Renan—skeptics. All the loftiest minds of our race were skeptics, all those whom I tremblingly venerate, and whose most humble pupil I am. . . .

Skepticism! This word is made synonymous with negation and impotence. Yet our great skeptics were sometimes the most affirmative, and often the most courageous, of men. They denied only negations. They attacked everything that fetters the mind and the will. They struggled against ignorance that stupefies, against error that oppresses, against intolerance that tyrannizes, against cruelty that tortures, and against hatred that kills. They are accused of having been unbelievers. But first we must know whether belief is a virtue, and whether genuine strength does not lie in doubting what there is no reason to believe. It would not be difficult to prove that those Frenchmen of genius who are called skeptics professed the most magnificent credo. Each one of them formulated some article of it.

Rabelais, a buffoon full of seriousness, proclaims the majesty of tolerance. Like him the Pyrrhonic Montaigne prostrates himself devoutly before the wisdom of the ancients. Forgetting the oscillations of his doubting mind he invokes pity against the ferocity of religious wars and the barbarity of judicial torture. Above all, he pays homage to the sanctity of friendship. Molière inveighs against the passions and weaknesses which make men hateful and he preaches the beautiful gospel of sociability. In his wildest capers the unbelieving Voltaire never loses sight of his ideal of reason, knowledge, and kindness—yes, kindness, for this great satirist was unkind only to the wicked and the foolish. Finally, Renan always remained a priest; all he did was to purify religion. He believed in the divine, in learning; he believed in the future of mankind. Thus all our skeptics were full of ardor, all strove to deliver their fellow-men from the chains that drag them down. In their own way they were saints. . . .

People reproach these giants with having presumed too much upon human reason. For my part, I have no excessive confidence in reason. I know how weak and tottering it is. But I remember Diderot's clever apologue: "I have," he said, "only a small flickering light to guide me in the darkness of a thick forest. Up comes a theologian and blows it out." Let us first of all follow reason, it is the surest guide. It warns us itself of its feebleness and informs us of its own limitations. Moreover, so far from being incompatible with sentiment, it leads to feeling. When we have brooded deeply, the most skeptical thinkers are seized with a profound commiseration for their fellow-men, in the face of the useless and eternal flux of the universe, of the insignificance of wretched mankind, and of the absurd suffering which men inflict upon one another during the brief dream of existence. It is but a step from that compassion to fraternal love, and it is easily taken. Pity becomes active, and he who believed himself to be forever aloof from all things jumps desperately into the struggle to save his unhappy fellow-men. That, my friends, is how skeptics feel. . . .

No doubt, you will think I have let my feelings get the better of me. But the poor skeptics are really too greatly misunderstood. As a matter of fact, they are the most idealistic of mortals, but they are disappointed idealists. Because they dream of a very beautiful world they are depressed at seeing mankind so different from what it ought to be. The irony which they affect is merely an expression of their discouragement. They laugh, but their gaiety always conceals a terrible bitterness. They laugh in order not to weep. . . .

It is only the visionaries who do very great things. But observe that Voltaire, the most irreligious of men, also knew how to be brave, when, in defiance of all the ecclesiastical and judicial powers, he pursued the rehabilitation of Calas, of Sirven, of the Chevalier de la Barre, and of Lally-Tollendal. Do not forget that, if he sinned in writing "La Pucelle," this scoundrel was the first to demand that altars be raised to Jeanne d'Arc. Remember also that, if the judges of Jeanne d'Arc had been skeptical philosophers, instead of pious fanatics, they would certainly never have burned her. The conclusion is that skepticism prompts the most humane sentiments, and that, in any case, it prevents crimes.

I have recited my Credo. Amen!

[1] The series of articles appearing under this title is translated by Ernest Boyd and will shortly be published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter admits that he rather likes Lady Nancy Astor and he isn't ashamed of it. When he hears his sophisticated friends talk about "American snobbery" he pays no attention, for he has seen Lady Astor and heard her talk and has watched the mobs—men and matrons and flappers alike—surge around her cab and shout. He sympathized with the crowd, for Lady Astor is more than a title; she is Romance itself; she is the eternal Cinderella. To be sure she rose not from the ashes but from the comparative glory of being a Southern belle and a beauty, but this only lends glamor to the circumstances that were added: wealth, rank, and the honor of being the first woman member of Parliament. This would be enough to make most of us whose lives have run on a steadier keel just a little giddy. In flesh and blood, in color and reality, she offers us all the riches we have so pathetically sought in flat black and white on the motion-picture screen. The vivid color of her career helps each of us in his personal, life-long fight against drabness.

* * * * *

BUT Lady Nancy Astor has another quality which outranks all the rest. It is the very thing, if he may be confiding, that bowled over the Drifter, and he is ready to believe that it works in the minds of other ordinary folk more powerfully than beauty or wealth or title or position; and no one need go with the fear of snobbery in his heart if he yields to it. This quality is an essence of impudence, of gaiety, of vitality that lends a nice sharp flavor to Lady Astor's personality and a zest to her talk. People in general are solemn things, and delegates to conventions are solemnity compounded with dignity and earnestness and

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importance and the other vices. They don't particularly want to be what they are, but they have not the imagination or the daring or the self-assurance to be trivial and irreverent. A world, or a parliament, or even a women's convention, wholly populated with Lady Astors, would, the Drifter grants, be as tiresome as a steady diet of first-class vaudeville. But every world, every parliament, every convention—the Drifter almost believes every home—should contain at least one Lady Astor to keep the average of dignity down and the average of romance and gaiety up.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Christian Scientists and the War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anyone, like myself, who has studied and tried to live Christian Science for over twenty years, can hardly fail to feel astonished at the letter in your issue of April 26 by Wallace Keith. Mr. Keith can hardly be familiar with the Christian Science Church's conduct during the war and with the editorial policy of its daily newspaper, or he would not claim that it "refused to prostitute itself into an agency for the spread of hate propaganda and the glorification of armed violence."

If the *Christian Science Monitor* was not an "agency" of just this sort, it would be difficult better to characterize its policy from the time in June, 1914, when the British Government decided on war and a British Tory (born in Belfast) was put in charge of the *Monitor*, up to the rejection by the United States Senate of that crowning atrocity, the Treaty of Versailles—so aptly characterized by *The Nation* as "madness." Germans, Austrians, Turks, and (after the November Revolution) Russians were represented, both directly and by innuendo, as monsters, beasts, and enemies of all good. Followers of Jesus of Nazareth who refused to indulge in mass murder and "glorification of armed violence" were sneered at in the *Monitor* as traitors and hypocrites.

Nor was the *Monitor* alone in this; for as soon as war was declared by the Government at Washington the C. S. denominational weekly and monthly published editorials committing the Church to support of this "moral debauchery" (as Mr. Keith calls it). Those of us who put the teachings of Jesus and Mrs. Eddy above subservience to church and state thereupon resigned from the Mother Church.

Unchristian as was this action of the church authorities in supporting what Mrs. Eddy's writings denounce over and over again, they went even further when they published an edict on the conscription law in the denominational periodicals, to the effect that "a Christian Scientist could not claim exemption as a conscientious objector without misrepresenting Christian Science" (*C. S. Sentinal*, July 14, 1917). This in the face of Mrs. Eddy's clear statement in "Science and Health" (p. 106) that "God has endowed man with inalienable rights, among which are self-government, reason, and conscience." Is it any wonder that Jesus's prophecy that "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword" has been borne out in the recent litigation and present disintegration in the Christian Science Church?

Boston, April 23 KENNETH B. ELLIMAN

Celibacy *vs.* Birth Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Celibacy in a normal man or woman," I once heard a well-known lecturer say, "is, short of some numbing moral catastrophe, nothing but a crime." Whether the crime be on the individual or on society is of small moment in this aspect of it. So-called "continence" in the marriage relation is either complete or almost complete celibacy. If anything, it is worse, because it is harder to maintain. I cannot understand how anything but sexual anaesthesia, ignorance, or hypocrisy can recommend such a state of affairs, or pretend that women are "sexual slaves" because they too need and desire a full sexual life.

It has not been my experience that healthy women were any less endowed sexually than healthy men; those who may be must blame a false early training, and surely should not be proud of it. No half-way solution, from Tolstoi's to Dr. Alice Stockham's, has ever proved anything but demoralizing to those who experimented with it. Surely Freud has taught us the evil of repressed sexuality.

The truly "sexually enslaved" woman is the one who is bound, by her own or her husband's denatured idealism, to an irritating and stunting "continence."

San Francisco, March 19 MIRIAM DE FORD SHIPLEY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Fannie Bixby Spencer's letter in *The Nation* of March 15 applies the word lust (a Biblical term) to our natural passions and states the belief that because of the flippancies and obscenities of certain birth-control advocates the question resolves itself into one of morality. Apparently she views the sex relationship in itself as something "low and degraded," and when unsanctioned by priestcraft and convention it becomes the essence of degradation and immorality. On this question she is as "medieval" and absurd as William Jennings Bryan in his floundering and blatherskiting over the Darwinian theory. Surely it must be admitted that this relationship between normal, healthy men and women is a function of the body as natural as eating or sleeping; therefore, why should it be classed as immoral? Only those who are stubbornly impervious to the facts of the universe and still cling to the Puritan theory of infant damnation could entertain such an antiquated point of view.

As I view it the question is not one of morality, but how to control fecundity and still live natural lives, giving the sex instinct adequate scope for expression. The Spencerian ideal is continence, an impractical one to me, because any unbiased physician will tell you that it is often as harmful as over-indulgence and frequently leads to sex perversion.

Facts rooted in the scheme of the universe place continence out of the question except in exceptional and abnormal cases. Then again, were it possible to persuade men and women to repress their normal sex instincts for three successive generations, might there not be danger that the inhabitants of Mother Earth one hundred years hence would be as sexless as dotards?

Oklahoma City, March 16 ENOCH ALDEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that Mildred L. Prince, who in *The Nation* for March 15 complains against my letter headed Women and Their Clothes, is one of those persons who regard the sex question as a woman question. All my general propositions applied to both sexes alike; only I spoke especially of women's clothing, partly because I was answering a statement about that, partly because men's clothing is so incorrigibly conservative that it reflects changing social conditions less than does women's; and I cited as an evidence the number of spinsters rather than the number of bachelors because I thought that the change in the former was a more notorious fact. Even as to clothing I had taken some pains to speak of both sexes alike as far as possible, with an unspoken hope that the dress of my own sex might some day come to be as good as women's dress (which, I admit, is not a high standard) in the matter of meeting the needs of the time.

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But your correspondent's feeling that I am picking on women is not her main grievance. She says there is no man or woman "who has not 'time' (i.e. inclination) to mate." Time is not altogether identifiable with inclination. Everybody, unquestionably, has sincere inclinations to do a good many things that he does not find time to do. Having time means that the inclination toward this is stronger than the inclination toward rival attractions. It is also apt to mean a recognition of the dangers of procrastination; for many a man does not find time for what he cares most for, because he feels that this can be attended to at almost any time while some minor matter must be attended to now or its occasion will be past. Mating certainly takes time, and a good deal of it, unless you are willing to mate without stopping to select your mate, and unless you are lucky enough to run against a mate who is also willing to mate without stopping for selection.

Your correspondent denies that the mating impulse "is decreasing, or ever will." My argument did not quite require this assumption; it suffices if rival occupations are in our time growing more absorbing. And I myself said that this impulse is by no means dying out. But to assert that it is absolutely invariable is a pretty sweeping proposition. What does my critic make, for instance, of the many sorts of wild beasts that fail to breed in a domesticated life, and of the savage tribes of some countries, which, whether treated harshly or kindly, similarly fail to have children when their environment is civilized? Is a civilized community, mixed as it is of the blood of all races, totally exempt from any tendency to have less sexual impulse under one environment than under another, even when conditions of food and fatigue are equal? Again, I believe that the sexual impulse can be stimulated by being made a main topic of conversation; from which it follows that when it becomes fashionable to talk more of other topics than of Archie's affair with Ada, Beth's behavior toward Bill, Carl's courtship of Cora, and so on through the alphabet, sexual impulse will be a shade less felt.

The evil which your correspondent appears to feel most strongly is that so many women have their lives made abnormal by being denied sexual activity. Her remedy would be to "adjust our antiquated moral code" so that "all women" may be mated at the child-bearing age, and to depend on birth control to prevent an intolerable increase of population. Now, I do not deny that some evils will result from any adjustment of old nature to new conditions and that celibacy has large drawbacks. But so has birth control. For an obvious instance, birth control appears very likely to increase the number of families with one or two children; it has notoriously worked that way in France; but this is pedagogically an evil, since children grow up better in families of four or five or six than in families of one or two.

And one may surely be Darwinian enough to recognize that the only interest that can ultimately prevail is the children's interest; if any section of mankind sets the comfort of the adults, or even their health, above the welfare of the children, this section will at last have its posterity trodden under foot by the posterity of those who considered the children first. Therefore, since we must not go back to the old way of half a dozen children in every house, we need to have fewer families and more childless adults. And birth control is not even alleged to head that way.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, March 16

Kansan Puritanese

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William Allen White, in his article on Kansas, missed an interesting point. Kansas is the State where, if one wishes to purchase cigarette papers, one asks for eye-glass wipers.

New York, April 26 STEPHEN LEE

Dear Minna

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

I

Catastrophe in a bric-a-brac shop.
The proprietor lies murdered.
Pieces of jars, cups, and vases
Have attained the disorderly freedom
That is so objectionable
To scholars and bankrupt fanatics.
Once the jars, cups, and vases
Were unyielding and symmetrical
And immersed in their task of holding nothing.
Now they rest in pieces;
Spell many an accidental sentence;
Renounce the hollow lie.
O Death, you shatter objects
That were small and inflexible
And give them little mysterious
Possibilities.
And we are grateful to you for that.
Our eyes become weary scanning the living array.
Each man takes his inch of belief
Upon the Shelves, and will not move.
Soon we know what he will say;
Know the accompanying gestures
That he will never forsake;
Know the exact amount of space
To which he insists on reducing his grace.
Yet we must continue to see and listen!

II

Dear Minna, visit the orderly salons
And look for missing Fixtures.
Another poet or critic may be dead,
Bringing to us our bit of pleasure.
Dear Minna, buy the newspapers
And read the relieving list of deaths.
Banker, Freudian, and Dadaist
Knocked from the bric-a-brac Shelves
And altered to uncertain shadows,
Exquisitely invisible, inviting
Curiosity and conjecture.
It is well that we are metaphysical.
We must not lose the only delight
That springs from peering at the living figures.
Death must not become
A mere black frame surrounding
The memorized reiterations.
Death must remain a surmise;
Swallower of all traditions.
And against his black must appear
The colored gymnastics of words;
The antics of unchained ideas;
The "minor" and "decadent" host.

III

Dear Minna, insanity
Is the rapture with which certain men
Discover new combinations of words
Accidentally released
By a convulsion within their heads.
When the catastrophe occurs
The cups, jars, and vases are broken

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And wild hands play with them.
Dear Minna, I love the promises
Of insanity rounding your face.
But be not always spontaneous.
Let your madness approach
Objects, with a conscious gallantry—
The first note in perfection.

The Roving Critic

THERE was a James Branch Cabell once who looked, in certain lights, a little rococo; and there was in time another Cabell who looked, to certain eyes, excessively obscene. The accusation of obscenity, which official zeal pushed as far as an indictment, helped the later Cabell to revive the earlier—even to revise him. This later Cabell, who had been a genealogist in the unacknowledged years, went so far as to genealogize within the world he had created, and traced the descent of all his characters, whether of Poictesme or Lichfield, from the epic Dom Manuel and the various ladies who obligingly lent him the molds wherein the figures of his offspring might be shaped. This genealogy, now published in a thin volume which few will ever own because few copies of it exist, is called "The Lineage of Lichfield: An Essay in Eugenics" (McBride), but it is more than most lineages. It is, in a modest but none the less efficacious way, a history, a manifesto, a jest, and a valedictory. History, because it traces Mr. Cabell's vision of life and scheme of art back to a beginning, not then explicit, at least two decades ago. Manifesto, because it sets forth his creed of comedy with lucid brevity. Jest, because it practices its genealogic tricks with all manner of erudite, cantrapical hoaxes. Valedictory, because in a final chapter the latest Cabell says farewell to that high eminence which a few double meanings brought him and goes back to his customary habit of being an artist in his own way and of writing without any too insistent pressure from the inflammation of curiosity which accompanied his little bout with the moralists. He can, of course, never quite go back. After all, there is "Jurgen," which now must—and pretty easily may—be read in the superb English edition (London: Lane) illustrated by Frank C. Papé. "Jurgen" is a book which will a good deal more than last our time, as much more beautiful than "Tristram Shandy" as it is thought to be naughtier by those who suppress one and permit the other.

THERE may be a line which separates fiction from biography, but it is a metaphysical affair about which no one need worry much. On one side, let us say, is invention and on the other is veracity; every biographer, however, has now and then to invent, and veracity is often indispensable to the novelist. It is strange that the two forms have so rarely been compounded: that, for instance, so few authors have written biographies of imaginary persons. The mixture is particularly tempting. It makes possible at once the freedom of the novel and the sober structure of the biography; it has the richness, though perhaps also a little of the perverseness, of certain hybrid types. In "Peter Whiffle" (Knopf) Carl Van Vechten has crossed the two literary forms fascinatingly. His hero has a *fin de siècle* look about him, as if he were, perhaps, a version of Stephen Crane or of one of his contemporaries. When Peter first dawns upon his biographer he has in mind to beat such decorative geniuses as Edgar Saltus at the art of producing fine effects by the sheer enumeration of lovely or definite things: he will make his masterpiece the catalogue of catalogues. Later, he has shifted to the mode of Theodore Dreiser, having been converted by "Sister Carrie," and is a revolutionist wedded to the slums. Eventually he turns to the occult and the diabolical and ends in about that spiritual longitude and latitude. Does Peter suggest some of Max Beerbohm's men too much? The question will be asked. At least it is certain that he is piquant, arresting, brightly mad. Whether in Paris or in New York he glitters in his setting. And that setting is even more of a triumph than the character of Peter. Mr. Van Vechten, however he made up his protagonist, has taken his setting from life: actual persons appear in it, actual places. He deals with it now racily, now poetically. He is full of allusions, of pungencies, of learning in his times. He knows how to laugh, he scorns solemnity, he has filled his book with wit and erudition. He is a civilized writer.

"ALICE ADAMS" was, it seems, too good to be true; and though Mr. Tarkington therein wrote what one suspects will be called by the Pulitzer committee the best novel of the year 1921, he has since plunged below even his ordinary level in "Harlequin and Columbine" (Doubleday, Page)—written some ten years ago—and has righted himself on about that level in "Gentle Julia" (Doubleday, Page). Perhaps after all farce is his forte. Perhaps after all "Alice Adams" was but a flurry of excellence. Can it be the essential Tarkington who now returns to his little girl and boy puppets, winds them up, and puts them through their amusing—but mechanical—antics once more? Here is the same lovely maiden courted by all the lorn males of the village, to the disgust of her preadolescent kinsmen who make war upon her peace and the peace of her suitors. Here is the same pair of boy conspirators—under different names—as in all the novels. Here is another little girl of such directness and sang-froid as exists almost solely in the Tarkingtonian universe. Here are the hectored parents and the calf-like lovers and the philosophical colored servitors. And as much as ever the children who are the center and the heroes of the action are studied from without, are viewed out of the eyes of adults looking for stereotyped actions from them and winking at one another over the children's heads when the expected actions come. Considered merely as farce, however, the piece is funny. The author's asides have plenty of satiric point; the action is brisk and simple; the dialogue and dialect are racy; and the observation of the surface manners of children is almost creative in its acuteness. And the end, after so much frolicking, has a flash of that kind of genius which made James Branch Cabell say of the end of "Seventeen" that it was necromancy. Here, as in "Seventeen," Mr. Tarkington with the light tread in which he has no superior steps beyond the limits of credibility into one of those regions of fantastic preposterousness which are almost poetry. Farce has its victories no less than art.

ANATOLE FRANCE, eloquently conscious of the difference between any synthetic language, such as Esperanto, and the subtle, varied, living organism which a real language is, would assuredly take pleasure in the Libri Librorum (Knopf), a new series which aims to present the principal masterpieces of European literature in the original tongues. The earliest titles include Homer, with a few notes in Latin by Paul Cauer; Dante, with an introduction by Benedetto Croce; "Der Nibelunge Not" and "Kudrun," succinctly edited in one volume by Eduard Sievers; Goethe's "Faust," including the Urfaust, the 1788 Fragment, the Paralipomena, and the Parerga; Balzac's "Les Contes Drolatiques"; and Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." The books have been printed in Germany, in exquisitely clear type on good paper, and in a size adaptable to the fireside, the bedside, or the expeditionary pocket. One wonders whether the fatherland of the series, perhaps, accounts for the presence in this initial section of two German titles; and whether the mere exigencies of editing and printing account for the absence of Virgil, Cervantes, Shakespeare. One wonders, too, why the first French work to appear should be a *tour de force,* even though so remarkable a *tour de force;* and why the Dante should be in two volumes when the Homer, with a total of only forty-odd pages less, should be in one. But these are minor items of interrogation. As a whole the undertaking deserves the highest praise.

CARL VAN DOREN

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Books

The Facts That Genoa Faces

International Finance and its Reorganization. By Elisha M. Friedman. E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.

"EUROPE today is virtually if not formally insolvent, and therefore to obtain new credits it must submit to the same conditions that a bankrupt corporation accepts in order again to become a going concern." Statements like this, casually scattered through Elisha Friedman's big book on international finance, indicate that its author is not afraid to look a fact in the face when he sees one. He is an economist, not a politician. His book is written for students, not for political prestidigitators; but it is crammed with facts that Genoa must face none the less.

The work is in reality a seven-hundred-page encyclopedia of the financial facts of the war and the peace. No one except a reviewer can possibly read it, and no one can do without it. It deals with the effects of the war on: (1) Public debt and taxation; (2) currency and credit; and (3) foreign exchange; in each part dealing first with principles and practice in the World War and then devoting a separate chapter in each to Great Britain, France, and Germany. The last two hundred pages of the book treat of financial reorganization, taking up successively the capital levy, national bankruptcies in the nineteenth century (an extremely interesting bit of history, by the way), the inter-Allied debts and their treatment, the German indemnity (not "reparations," be it noted in tribute to the book's economic realism), the foreign exchanges, the Brussels Financial Conference, international loans for the restoration of Europe, and New York and London as financial centers. The whole work is abundantly documented, is supplemented by a useful bibliography, and—wonders of wonders—is provided with two indexes and an analytical table of contents. For once the student is given the helps he needs.

Of the body of theory presented little need be said except that it is sensible, moderate, and generally in accord with the best prevailing economic opinion. Mr. Friedman recognizes that wealth is created only by production, but that it is distributed not infrequently by chicanery and fraud, public as well as private. Inflation cheats some classes and deflation defrauds others, and deflation following inflation may simply add new evils to those already suffered. Hence the author has little enthusiasm for the impossible project of getting all countries back to the gold standard on the basis of the pre-war mint parities. He inclines rather to a revaluation of money units at current rates.

It is just this quiet regard for facts and possibilities, indeed, that gives the book its value and creates confidence in the general soundness of the author's judgments. Even today it is not popular to assert that France cannot pay her debts, even though M. Loucheur vociferously asserts it. There will doubtless be critics to scent pro-Germanism in Mr. Friedman's sober observation that the way out for France may be "a forced conversion and reduction of the rate of interest on the debt, a revaluation of the franc, and the adoption of the gold-exchange standard." Some such action, he truly enough remarks, "may mean the resurrection of the nation from the ashes of war."

Germany too must establish a new parity. Such action will lay a capital tax on holders of securities and property bought at pre-war values; yet it is the shortest road to financial health, and the injustices already done cannot be undone. But even so, Germany's rehabilitation depends on things beyond her control, such as the limitation of the indemnity to a sum within her capacity to pay, the extension of properly secured credits, the restoration of trade with Russia, and the reestablishment of European economic unity. "Underlying the controversy over the amount of the indemnity is the fact that in modern wars there are no victors. In the World War even the victors lost." Truly the hands are the hands of Friedman, but the voice is remarkably like Norman Angell's voice. The burden of France, says Mr. Friedman, must be lightened, but in her own interest and that of Europe she must be convinced that the indemnity should be limited to the actual cost of reparation.

"The huge debts piled up by the belligerents are in most cases greatly beyond their ability to pay," even though government expenditures are now swallowing up from 20 to 40 per cent of the national income of the various countries. Yet even so Mr. Friedman wisely opposes unconditional cancelation of the debts due us. The modification of a part of the debt, he maintains, should be conditioned on the acceptance of a disarmament program and the adoption of government policies that will make for stable economic conditions, especially in Central Europe. The primary aim of American foreign policies, therefore, should be "Anglo-American unity to preserve the peace of the world and to restore its economic functioning"—an aim, be it carefully observed, that means one thing to British and American democrats, and quite another to imperialists in both lands.

Though international loans are a condition of European restoration, yet such loans are not the first step. "The governments of Europe must stop fighting and cease preparations for war, must balance their budgets, check unnecessary imports, fund the foreign floating debt, and cooperate in a friendly spirit both in the settlement of the international difficulties arising out of the war and in the resumption of the peaceful processes of trade." But will they do it? The Brussels Conference gave a complete description of these governments in two sentences: "Some of the recommendations of the conference may appear axiomatic. Their adoption, however, would mean a fundamental change in the policies of the great majority of European countries." Except as those policies are changed, making further loans means simply throwing good money after bad.

This hasty glance at a few of Mr. Friedman's conclusions gives no indication of the wealth of detailed information on which they rest, a mass of facts piled on facts until the reader would fain cry for mercy. They are not mere facts, however, but facts that lead inescapably to certain conclusions. In the oft-quoted words of Bishop Butler: "Things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be. Why then should we wish to be deceived?" A bankrupt, hungry Europe is still being guided by blind nationalistic leaders along the path to the abyss. Unless the people turn from this path to real peace and honest work and unshackled trade, the consequence will be destruction. At last there are signs of hope. Has America the desire and the wisdom really to help? God knows.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Erin's Own Story

The Story of the Irish Race. By Seumas MacManus. Assisted by several Irish Scholars. New York: The Irish Publishing Company.

The Economic History of Ireland from the Union to the Famine. By George O'Brien. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

LIKE the biography of some loved and worshiped genius is the history of Ireland to her sons. That personal loyalty, stronger than death, which is perhaps the dominant note of the Celtic character, shows itself nowhere more than in fidelity to the old sod, for, as in the case of the Jews, love of country has been stamped upon the race by centuries of persecution and is mingled with sentiments of religion as well as with the ties of blood. There is no more place in the world for that national egotism, sometimes called patriotism and sometimes chauvinism, which shows itself in insult to other nations. But Irish patriotism is not of this sort; it is the determination of a people to keep its own soul. Heart-breaking and heroic has been the strife, now crowned with a final and splendid victory. Not only

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the Celtic race but all lovers of liberty and of dauntless courage should rejoice to see the long Babylonian captivity ended, and the temple once more rebuilt on the Irish Zion.

The aim of the author of the large general history now offered to the public is to instruct Americans in the chronicle of Erin's past, for he has found them almost as ignorant of the history of Ireland as of the history of Borneo. Thus, he hopes, the Americans may "graduate from a state of instinctive sympathy and love to the beginning of an intelligent one." Well has he discharged his task. If here and there some fault might be found with his statements of facts, if his sympathies are solely with his land, nevertheless on the whole he has presented a careful and readable story.

The first seventeen chapters deal with pagan Ireland, the evidence of ethnology, the Milesian race, the stories of the ancient chiefs as they met in Tara, their battles, their fairs, and their religion. This last was a combination of sun-worship, idolatry, and magic, part of which has survived in the popular fairy lore and demonology.

Though there were missionaries before Patrick, it is of course the great saint, a snake-killer like Apollo, who is credited with the real establishment of the Irish faith. His story is beautifully told, as is that of his friend and fellow-saint "the maid Bridget." The position of women in medieval Ireland, the Brehon laws, the poetry of the bards, and the conquests of the kings are all set forth with due proportion. Particularly impressive, as particularly well known, is the record of Irish learning, an oasis in a wasted world. It is possible that two of the greatest medieval schoolmen, Scotus Erigena and Duns Scotus, were Irish, and it is certain that many of the great missionaries were of that race. There are adequate chapters on the social life of the people, its antiquities, arts, manner of living, and hospitality.

And then, with the English invasion exactly (1171) seven hundred and fifty-one years before the signing of the peace, came the blight. The story after that time is one of continual strife, persecution on one side and struggle for liberty on the other. The Reformation, forced on the conquered land by men carrying the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, only added to the antagonism of race; and perhaps still more baleful for the subject people was the rise to power of English commercialism and capitalism, determined to exploit all corners of the earth for the benefit of British trade. After the wars and rebellions of the sixteenth century came the penal laws of the seventeenth, branded by Edmund Burke as "that unparalleled code of oppression, manifestly the effect of national hatred and scorn toward a conquered people whom the victors delighted to trample upon and were not at all afraid to provoke."

And then came the diaspora, the flight of the "Wild Geese" from their stricken nest to all quarters of the globe, animated everywhere by a hatred of Britain. Among the exiles none were more famous than those of the Irish Brigade of Louis XIV, equally noted for prowess in the field and for insubordination in camp; for when the Grand Monarque complained that he had more trouble with this one foreign regiment than with all the rest of his army, he was met with the apt retort: "So do your enemies, sire."

The story of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries has been alike, a struggle never ceasing but only changing form, for liberty and for life. The story of Sinn Fein, of the Easter Rising, and of "The Last War?" is closed with a blank page, headed "On this page, write, or paste in, the result of the Peace Conference."

Both an intensive study of a special period in Irish annals and an impressive monument of research in economics is furnished by Mr. George O'Brien's book. Irish history, he thinks, "resembles popular fiction amongst other respects in this, that they both come to an end with the marriage of the heroine." But, he rightly claims, the Act of Union did not in any sense form the culmination or consummation of Ireland's life, and the account of the steps leading to her divorce is no less thrilling than the story of her wooing. The main thesis of the book is that the Union was disastrous to Irish industry and wealth. Though the population increased from five millions in 1800 to a good bit more than eight millions in 1846, this gain was artificial and unnatural, a million and a half people being swept away in the single lustrum 1846-51, and far more in the next seventy years. The first evil effects of the Union were shown in Dublin, where the value of property fell by 30 to 50 per cent in twenty years. From that time forth the export trade declined under the oppression of competition with British industries which, under the fair show of equality, were really favored by the government. Agriculture was sucked dry by absentee landlords, and was irrigated by no fostering schemes such as were necessary for its continued life. The burden of the Irish taxpayer steadily increased, so that the author draws the conclusion that "the industrial and financial misery of Ireland was attributable to governmental action, and the agricultural misery to governmental action and inaction combined." In fine, "the regime of ill-assorted companionship has been almost as baneful as the period of jealous repression and Protestant ascendancy."

PRESERVED SMITH

Our Younger Novelists

Contemporary American Novelists: 1900-1920. By Carl Van Doren. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

MR. VAN DOREN'S examination of the American novel of the last twenty years is really an analysis of contemporaneous American civilization. He says that he undertakes to study a literary type. He does that, and more than that. He goes behind the printed page to the life that produced it, to what happened and is happening not only in the brains of individual artists, with their temperaments and styles, but in the communities which they express. He is a philosophic critic in a good plain sense of the word, without any of the pretentiousness or vain groping for abstract principles so wearisomely characteristic of much philosophic criticism. Thus he becomes himself an historian of manners and customs and intellectual tendencies. If all the novels he discusses were destroyed, a reader in the next century could get from Mr. Van Doren's book an intelligible view of the sort of people we Americans are at this hour. That is the very essence of criticism.

If Mr. Van Doren has a fault (and let us get that out of the way at once), it is excess of generosity. This is a strange accusation to bring against an editor of *The Nation* with its long reputation for critical austerity! Perhaps it is not a fault but rather the virtue of a more genial nature than mine. But I feel that he treats with too grave a courtesy writers of little distinction, for example, Winston Churchill and Upton Sinclair. Not that Mr. Van Doren is blind to defects; on the contrary, he puts his finger shrewdly on the weak spots. The doctor is a little too kind, that is all.

If in making the most of what the American novel offers he is inclined to discover in some books more merit than I can see, he helps to correct a disposition observable in some of the younger critics to underrate recent American literature. I speak, of course, not of fatuous puffers, but of real critics. One or two of them have become incurable worry-cows who miss the good green grass of the native pasture. It seems to be a matter of regret to them that Mark Twain was not born in Norway and a matter of surprise that Mrs. Wharton has found rich material in New York City and in rural New England. After all there are some strong hands above the keyboards of American typewriters which are clicking on this side the Atlantic.

Howells used to say that he saw little difference between what he called literature and what he called life. Of all forms of art the novel is closest to breathing humanity, to ourselves and our neighbors. Mr. Van Doren feels this and he deals principally with the stuff of novels; he says refreshingly little,

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but enough, about matters of technique and method, discussions of which seldom enlighten the reader of fiction, never help the writer. Yet if the reader of this book will unconsciously put together and absorb the sane and untechnical things that are said here about problems of technique and method he will find himself in possession of almost all there is to be learned from criticism about the art of fiction. If I had the misfortune to be lecturing to a class about the novel, I would prescribe Mr. Van Doren's book as the chief manual of the course. Because it goes to the core of the subject without palaver. And I would prescribe also Mr. Van Doren's other book in which he traces the American novel up to the present time. He owes it to us to write still another book, or more than one, on the English novel. If he does not do it or promise it within a reasonable time I will organize a conspiracy of American critics, including Mr. Mencken in his motley and Professor Sherman in his gown, to make life pleasantly uncomfortable for him.

Let me correct immediately a slightly false suggestion which crept into the foregoing sentences, that this may be a textbook for schools. It might be that, with great benefit to the schools. But there is no chalk in it. It is a literary essay, alert and fresh, journalistic as the contemporaneity of the subject demands, but solid and deep; the transitory era, if twenty years and the years immediately preceding make an era, is seen by a man who read a book or two before the youngest novelist was born. An interesting person makes this essay; therefore it *is* an essay, not merely a pitchforked collection of reviews, nor a handbook for schools, nor a who's who of living American novelists.

A true essayist always has two or three *bêtes noirs* and two or three animals of lighter color which he likes to ride. Mr. Van Doren's black beast—the color symbolism holds up very well!—is "local color." He has sent that jade, that tired business cab-horse, that rural livery-and-baiting stable plug, that busted-broncho of the great western commonplace to the boneyard. It will probably come back to haunt him. But that form of provincialism is disappearing from the work of the better novelists. It would disappear altogether, or be reduced to its proper place, if story-tellers would take to heart Mr. Van Doren's wise remark apropos Hamlin Garland: "In literature no less than in life there is a time to remember local traits and a time to forget them in concerns more universal." But it is doubtful whether criticism, even sound criticism like this, ever has much effect on what is called creative art.

Mr. Van Doren is under no delusions about the influence of criticism or of his own contribution to it. Indeed he laughs at himself and calls himself a "somewhat somber critic." The occasion of that is what seems to me a too magnanimous retreat from his gallant position before the walls of Booth Tarkington's pasteboard castle. For Tarkington is one of the disappointments of American fiction, and "Alice Adams" is not enough to redeem him. A man who has the comic genius to write "Clarence" and the ironic genius to write that short story of the model town (I forget the title but I remember the story; it is as good as "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg") and then fobs us off three out of four times with cheap magazine stuff, ought, like one of his boys in the moving pictures, to be soundly spanked. Mr. Van Doren lets up on him too easily; the somber critic was right in his first judgment that Tarkington knows better and can do better.

Behind Mr. Van Doren's kind heart is a backbone. In his modest manner he makes bold statements. For example: Mrs. Wharton "has more intelligence" than Henry James. That is true. But what other critic, careful and serious, if not "somber," has the courage to say it? Mr. Van Doren's courage is not that of the irresponsible fellow cutting up and trying to attract attention by outrageous opinions. He thinks and reasons quietly. So that when he utters an emphatic judgment, it startles and convinces, because it has its origin in a serene intellect.

JOHN MACY

Northern Growths

Ditte, Daughter of Man. By Martin Anderson Nexö. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

Dreamers. By Knut Hamsun. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

Wanderers. By Knut Hamsun. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"DITTE, DAUGHTER OF MAN" is the most solid and powerful novel which has come to my attention in some months, but it is not easy to analyze its significance. The habitué of the literary club would find it difficult to prepare a paper, for instance, upon What Nexö Means to Me, yet it is senseless to take refuge in phrases about "objectivity" and "mere humanity." How many times has the critic said of "Tom Jones" that it was merely life seen clearly, and how many times has the same critic used the same phrase about Shakespeare without realizing that of course both remarks cannot be true and that he means simply that both writers have so successfully imposed upon him their own interpretation that he cannot either analyze that interpretation or even recognize that it is an interpretation! It is absurd to say that anyone simply presents life as it is, for since no creator and no critic ever saw life except through the distorting medium of his own personality no one knows what real life is. But an artist can present his own interpretation so vividly and so passionately that it seems for the time being at least to be the only tenable one, and this Nexö has done.

The second volume of the story of the girl Ditte carries her through adolescence on a farm into womanhood as a servant in Copenhagen and describes her efforts to adapt her life and her soul to an environment made difficult by the cruelties of the physical world, of human nature, and of economic inequality. Nexö seems to see the human soul not as adapted and destined to the perplexing conditions of life but as gradually finding its home in what is almost an alien environment, and he presents Ditte's life as an adventure in discovery and adaptation. He chose as his heroine a girl from the lowest social class, partly because an implied objection to economic inequality and a faith in the common man is the nearest thing to a thesis in his book, but partly also, I think, because it enables him to throw her upon her own intellectual resources. Reading and the various other forms of education pretty largely determine for most of us the interpretation which we shall put upon experience, but Ditte, who practically speaking had no education and never read, is plunged into the world without a key, and into whatever pattern she may arrange the facts of life, that pattern must be wholly her own. Thus her story becomes a sort of subtle and subjective "Gil Blas" with Ditte learning patiently and painfully by the method of trial and error. One can hardly speak concerning the conclusions which she will ultimately reach, but she is not much given to philosophizing and one may predict that her conclusions will not be chiefly speculative. At present she rests in frankness and fortitude, and is not far from that noble placidity which Whitman fancied that he saw in the animals who "do not sweat and whine about their condition" nor "lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins." Altogether she is a tremendously noble and appealing figure.

Taken alone, "Dreamers" might be equally difficult to grasp, for though written comparatively early it is a foreshadowing of the author's later method. Aloof from the lives and loves of the simple people whom he describes, yet tenderly tolerant of them, he seems to defy the reader to pluck out his mystery; but "Wanderers" gives the key and reveals more clearly than any of the other novels has done the paradox of Hamsun. To him simple life is not a native home but a refuge.

There were those who read "Growth of the Soil" and were ready to claim him for the company of simple souls, but if "Pan" left any doubts as to the fact that he is not simply a "red-blooded" man, then "Wanderers" should settle them. The hero of this autobiographical novel, who bears Hamsun's own

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name, flees from the city not because he is simple but because he is too complex, and because his overwrought nerves can bear better the exasperations of the flesh than those of the soul. His sensitiveness to nature is not the sensitiveness of naivete but the abnormal sensitiveness of a Keats—the sensitiveness of a soul quivering with pain and with pleasure so excruciating as to be almost pain, like that of a nerve laid bare of its protective covering. Wandering over the country, sleeping in barns and drawing refreshment from all life in which the sap flows freely, he is nevertheless no child of nature, for in him the *joie de vivre* has become self-conscious and is always regarding itself. He enjoys simple pleasures not simply but with a consciousness that he is enjoying them and a knowledge that they are simple. He seeks for thrills and is thus half way to decadence.

Indeed he is engaged in exactly the process of "curing the senses with the soul." The Wanderer seeks to forget the pains of complexity not, it is true, with incense and wine but with the joys of physical labor and the beauty of serene and teeming nature which is too vital to know anything of the pale cast of thought. Yet it is essentially a cure which he is seeking, and he is no more "natural" in essentials than he would be if he were in the society of the capital. Hamsun is a great writer and a poet, but there should be no mistaking the class in which he belongs. It is because he sees through sophisticated eyes that his works have a spicy flavor. They are not, as some have thought, "raw meat," for they are on the contrary just a little bit "high," and if in later years Hamsun wrote with increasing detachment it was because age was making him less a part of life. Says the Wanderer toward the end of his wandering: "Time has had its wear on me; I am grown dull and faded and indifferent; I look upon woman now as literature, no more—Everything comes to an end."

J. W. Krutch

Books in Brief

THE Medici Society, through its publisher, Philip Lee Warner, has added to its series of Ricardi Press Books a volume of "Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy." Of handsome format, printed from type of singular beauty and brilliancy, and on hand-made paper, this new volume measures up to the standard of excellence set by a Press which is certainly keeping up worthily the tradition established by William Morris. The frontispiece is a wood-cut portrait made only this year by Mr. William Nicholson. It is regrettable that the opportunity was not used for making a new and more representative selection from Mr. Hardy's verse. Instead of so doing, those responsible for this edition have merely reprinted the Selection in the Golden Treasury Series first published in 1916. That little book is satisfactory only within limits, for it was compiled designedly *virginibus puerisque* and fails to illustrate some of the most striking and characteristic phases of Mr. Hardy's genius. Thus, one looks in vain for examples of those broodings upon death (such as Heiress and Architect) which were written more than half a century ago before Mr. Hardy took to novel-writing; and for some at least of the succinctly sinister "Satires of Circumstance" which represent a later stage of his development; and for some of the strange audacious colloquies with God which sound perhaps the most "modern" note to be found in his verse. The sweeter and tenderer side of his lyric and meditative poems is well represented, however; all his finest elegies are here; and from among the narrative pieces one misses greatly only that singularly impressive tale, The Tramp-woman's Tragedy.

THOSE who know how little history there is in the best of anthologies will not be fooled by the preface to "An English Anthology of Prose and Poetry, Shewing the Main Stream of English Literature through Six Centuries" (Dutton), compiled and arranged by Sir Henry Newbolt. Sir Henry has wanted "to show the progress of the English language and literature as the gradual gathering of many tributaries into one stream, or of many characters and influences into one great national concourse. . . . The idea of the book is that wherever the reader chooses to open it, he shall have (in abridgment) upon the left hand all the effective content of the literary mind at that date; and upon the right hand, all that was still to come." The compiler has been able to pack within a thousand handsome pages much unusual and important literature, including passages of prose by philosophers, historians, statesmen, critics, novelists, and scientists; he has compiled with distinction; his book is good to possess. But his "one great national concourse" seems the purest pretention and romance. Those who have no history or literature already will get none from so many fragments unconnected by commentary, while those who have will not come here for instruction. Since in the nature of things anthologists are dilettanti, the best of them will be he who is frankly and seriously so. Sir Henry should be more frank.

TWO recent volumes keep William Butler Yeats in mind for those who might forget that there was an Irish movement in literature and that Mr. Yeats remains at the head of it. "Selected Poems" (Macmillan) presents a collection of his best lyric work between 1885 and 1919, as well as reprints two plays: "The Land of Heart's Desire" and "The Countess Cathleen," and two narratives: "The Old Age of Queen Maeve" and "Baile and Aillinn." A new volume, for America at least, is "Four Plays for Dancers" (Macmillan). Three of these short pieces, "At the Hawk's Well," "The Only Jealousy of Emer," and "The Dreaming of the Bones," have been printed in Ireland; the fourth, "Calvary," makes its first appearance now. All of them were written to be performed by masked dancers to the accompaniment of drum and zither and flute. The masks by Edmond Dulac and the music by Walter Morse Rummel are effective in their abstract-concrete way, as are the plays themselves, which are entirely characteristic of the otherworldly, now very weary Mr. Yeats.

FROM answers to the question Who is the Greatest American? received from a large number of Americans whom he regards as representative, Mr. Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg concludes that a nation-wide referendum would result in a victory for Lincoln, with Washington as a close second. Mr. Vandenberg himself votes for Hamilton, and in "The Greatest American: Alexander Hamilton" (Putnam) he tells us why. Fearful lest he be deemed a heretic, he hastens to assure us that the difference of opinion between the Lincolnian and the Washingtonian school proves the propriety of free thought on this subject. What Mr. Vandenberg has written is a product of Americanism of the one-hundred-per-cent variety combined with a literary style of sophomoric efflorescence. He has divested himself of any powers of rational judgment with which nature may have endowed him. His "dissective analysis," as he calls it, of Hamilton's work abounds in unverifiable assertions, unsupported conclusions, errors of fact, and gross partisanship, the whole adorned with such rhetorical gems as "inchoative days," "mirific inheritances," "morcescent monarchy," "empyreal courage," "pyramiding dislike," and "meridian responsibility." "Foreign involvements," "bulwarked establishment," and "uplifted civilization" suggest the influence of the stylist in the White House, but for "implicity of confidence," "entered his portfolio," and "thusly" the author appears to be solely responsible. Whether Hamilton is the "greatest" American—whatever that may mean—or not, his fame cannot be enhanced by such a book as this.

IT is well to stop and think, when we are overwhelmed by the new propaganda for "Americanization," whether indeed it is best for our country to reduce all the cultures that are being brought into it to a dead uniformity. Dr. Isaac B. Berkson in

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"Theories of Americanization: A Critical Study" (Columbia University) helps us to analyze the situation before us and the proposed measures to meet it. Without entering into a discussion of his interesting analysis of the theories put forward by other writers, we turn to his own "Community Theory" of Americanization. He proposes that every foreign group be permitted to maintain its own schools and its own language, develop its own literature, create its own organizations, provided all these are merely complementary to the similar agencies of the American people. Thus he would say, let the children of all races attend the public schools, but besides that let them attend complementary schools where they would receive information and training in the culture which they derive from their parents. This would avoid the breach between parents and children which today is perhaps the most serious moral peril threatening the future of American life. He shows how the Jewish people, in whom he is primarily interested, have developed such a system and how it could further be developed. His description of the Central Jewish Institute, its workings, its surroundings, its influence, and its meaning forms the finest chapter in the book.

Mr. Benedict Fitzpatrick's "Ireland and the Making of Britain" (Funk and Wagnalls) endeavors to rehabilitate the too much neglected role of Erin in the history of the early Middle Ages. That there was a time of general anarchy in Western Europe when Ireland furnished the seat of peaceful culture and religion is true, but the part that she played in world history at that time, important as it was, is grossly exaggerated by this patriotic writer. Assigning to the Irish not only a cultural leadership but a political dominance in large parts of Britain, he endeavors to show that the "Anglo-Saxons were a leading slave race of the Middle Ages and in respect to the civilized world of Ireland, Gaul, and Italy occupied a position akin to that of the colored aborigines of Africa in respect to the civilized nations of Europe in recent times." Such a book is not history, but the glorious revenge of the Gael against the Sassenach.

Drama

Harvest I

THERE will be an aftermath. Sporadic productions will haunt the theaters into June; even July will not be wholly barren. Sometime in August a new season will begin to blaze and roar. Hence this is the acceptable moment for surveying the theatrical year through which, not without difficulty, those who chronicle the progress of the drama have just lived.

It will be instructive to name, under two simple headings, those American plays of the passing season that may be said to sustain some relation, however slight, to dramatic literature.

Comic Plays: "March Hares" by Henry Gribble, "Dulcy" by George Kaufman and Marc Conelly, "Six-Cylinder Love" by Anthony James Kelly, "To the Ladies" by George Kaufman and Marc Conelly.

Serious Plays: "The Detour" by Owen Davis, "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" by Zoe Akins, "Swords" by Sidney Howard, "The Hero" by Gilbert Emery, "The Verge" by Susan Glaspell, "Ambush" by Arthur Richman, "The First Fifty Years" by Henry Myers, "Anna Christie," "The Straw," and "The Hairy Ape" by Eugene O'Neill.

When all critical deductions—and they are many and grave—have been made, this list still remains important and interesting. It may indeed be doubted whether any previous theatrical season in America has a comparable record of native dramatic activity. It will therefore be interesting to inquire what appeal, according to the present standards of theatrical success and failure, these plays made to the audiences for whom they were composed.

"March Hares," slight but with a touch of intellectual malice and genuine fancy, failed. "The Detour" failed; so did "Swords," "The Hero," "The Verge," "Ambush," "The First Fifty Years," and "The Straw." "Dulcy," "Six-Cylinder Love," and "To The Ladies" were highly successful. "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" was a moderate success, "Anna Christie" an even more moderate one; "The Hairy Ape," which created a notable stir at the Provincetown Playhouse, is setting out on an apparently brilliant career at the Plymouth Theater.

A scrutiny of this list of failures and successes which omits, for very sound reasons, "Swords" and "The Hairy Ape" will at once reveal the fact that the success of any given play on it has been in direct proportion to the amount of meretriciousness it contained, the dross it would not remove, the concession it made to a shallow pseudo-optimism. Essentially tragic circumstances and events which are beginning to be welcomed by American readers of fiction are not yet felt to be quite endurable by our audiences. The explanation is a commonplace: the group-consciousness is below the individual consciousness in intelligence, sympathy, tolerance. The judgment and the emotional reaction of a thousand solitary readers, especially their appetite for truth, is enormously higher than that of a thousand people gathered in a playhouse. There is refreshing reality in "To The Ladies," there was profound truth in two acts of "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting." But in the first of these two plays the impact of nature is softened by deliberate farce, in the second it was dulled by a sentimental collapse of both character and circumstance. Wherever, as in "Ambush," "The Verge," "The First Fifty Years," the action and development of the play were as pure and austere as lay within the power of the playwright, the audience drifted away in spiritual discomfort and protest. An exception may be taken to this account of our situation on the ground that audiences have been known to take pleasure in tragic actions in the case of other plays. These plays, upon examination, will turn out, in every instance, to be and to have been of foreign origin. In them remoteness has blunted the sting of truth and reality has not been identified with living experience. The woes of men in Moscow or Munich, Birmingham or Budapest are, to the American theater audience, but as the woes of fascinating shadows or of figures in a decorative procession.

There are, finally, the two exceptions on our list of native plays: "Swords" and "The Hairy Ape." "Swords," despite its use of free verse, was a belated exercise in pseudo-Elizabethanism. It was destined to failure. "The Hairy Ape" is succeeding. It is succeeding with all its relentlessness, its intellectual courage, its social accusation. The reason may be summed up in a humble word—novelty. Mr. O'Neill uses a new dramatic rhythm. And in that rhythm there is something of a barbaric beat; there is a fresh movement and a fresh use of shape and color, and men and women who would find the play revolting if it were set forth upon plainer and more literal terms, receive from it a vague but strong emotional and nervous impact. They do not reason or compare the action with experience. The pattern and the rhythm sway them as music does. Remembering the success of "The Emperor Jones," one almost begins to suspect that Mr. O'Neill has found the modern American pattern for the tragic drama. It is not a little curious to consider that it is the pattern of expressionism—the latest invention of the most sophisticated European minds and temperaments.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The next article of the series *These United States* will appear in next week's issue of *The Nation*, on the subject:

Mississippi: Heart of Dixie

By Beulah Amidon Ratliff

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International Relations Section

Justice in Hungary

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Vienna, March 27

Who ought to be punished: those who commit the murders or those who dare to bring the murders into the limelight?—Dr. Vambery at the trial of Zoltan Szasz.

A REMARKABLE political trial has just been concluded in Hungary, which recalls vividly the famous Paris case which marked the emergence of Leon Gambetta upon the political scene. It will be remembered that Gambetta took it upon himself to defend one of the young agitators against the regime of Napoleon III, who had been prosecuted for conducting a subscription to build a monument to the Republican Deputy Baudin, shot upon the barricades in 1851. Gambetta conducted himself, not as a lawyer defending his client, but as an avenger of the wrongs of France, impeaching bitterly the whole reign of Napoleon III. Similarly, in the trial of Zoltan Szasz, in Budapest, the argument left the realm of the courtroom and entered that of parliament, and the record of it constitutes a searching critique of contemporary Hungary. Szasz's defense became an indictment, and the public prosecutor's indictment a defense of the existing order; the case of liberal, humane opinion versus the Horthy Government. Szasz lost his case. He was condemned to prison for two and a half years, but he spoke brave and kindling words such as have not been heard for long, and Hungary heard them. Judgment has been rendered by the court, but not yet by public opinion.

Zoltan Szasz is the first journalist to be arraigned under the new press law passed some eight months ago, making it a crime to "publish facts likely to damage the interests and reputation of Hungary abroad." When the law was proposed the entire staff of foreign correspondents in Hungary protested against it. They pointed out that the law itself was damaging to the interests of Hungary since it would surely drive foreign correspondents to Vienna, where they might get Hungarian news through biased sources; that it was open as all censorship laws are to corruption and misinterpretation. Their demarches were mostly vain. They produced a slight modification of the law, which previously had not discriminated between true and untrue statements, but it appears now that this modification is not to be accepted as a reality.

The particular articles which caused the indictment of Szasz appeared in *Jovo*, a Hungarian newspaper published in Vienna by the Hungarian émigrés who were forced to flee for their lives after the collapse of communism in Hungary, and who wage from Vienna a warm campaign against the Horthy Government. *Jovo* is not a Communist paper. It follows what is practically the political and social program of Count Michael Karolyi, leader of the first revolution in Hungary after the war, advocating radical land reform, universal suffrage, a democratic anti-feudal regime, and cooperation with the neighboring states.

In this paper Zoltan Szasz wrote ten articles attacking the present Government of Hungary. In the most damaging passages, picked out for quotation in the indictment against him, Szasz said that Hungary was governed by cliques; that the National Assembly is not taken seriously by the ruling classes; that a censorship stifles all intellectual and political virility; that White Terrorists robbed the House of the Freemasons; that conditions in Hungary are unworthy of civilized human beings; that the Christian Nationalist Party is an association of adventurers; that the so-called "Christian" program is a social pestilence, born in murder and characterized by the prosecution, torture, and robbery of Communists and Jews, and often of Christians; that it is the piracy of a minority, flourishing over a majority.

The character of the persons participating in the trial gave it a peculiarly dramatic quality. Zoltan Szasz is one of the ablest of Hungarian publicists, well known for his wit. He is connected with several prominent journals such as *Pesti-Hirlap* and *Pester Lloyd;* he is a distinguished essayist and writer on aesthetics. He is the son of a Calvinist bishop.

We have met him before. In 1919, at the height of the Red Terror under Hungarian bolshevism, while Hungarian counts and aristocrats were plotting a counter-revolution in safe Vienna, or occupying comfortable berths as Soviet Commissars—Tomcsanyi, Minister for Justice, who no doubt ordered the Szasz prosecution, was one of these—Zoltan Szasz stood up in the journalists' club, and in a speech which terrified his friends and infuriated his enemies, denounced the Communist policy of terror, calling it "the Asiatic madness." Bela Kun's "Lenin boys" dragged him, for this, before Corwin-Klein, chief of the Extraordinary Commission. There Szasz earned the title of "the Imperturbable." Pale, blond, and cool, he stared at his judges through his ever-present monocle. It could not be said of the Communists that they failed to appreciate sheer nerve. He was released.

His counsel now in the trial brought against him by the opposite side—the Whites—is Professor Rusztem Vambery, counselor to the British Legation in Budapest, son of the world-famous Orientalist, Hungary's leading criminologist, once the dynamic center of the law college of the university but now deprived of his chair because of his liberal, so-called "destructive" views. What a contrast to his Calvinist client! Professor Vambery is a Jew, with the best qualities of his race. The Public Prosecutor, Mr. Miszkolczy, friend of "the Awakening Hungarians," makes a blunder, and Vambery is upon him in a flash. His agility is amazing. Professor Vambery asks that the trial be postponed on the ground that his client is ill. The Public Prosecutor triumphantly produces a record of a telephone conversation between Vambery and Szasz wherein they agree that this is an unwise moment for the trial. The record is entered as "The Report of the Royal Hungarian Telephone Control." Consternation on everyone's face, but not on Vambery's. "The document must certainly be forged," he remarks quickly. "Did not the Prime Minister officially declare the other day that there was absolutely no telephone censorship in Hungary?" Roars of laughter shake the court. The public prosecutor is non-plussed. But the evidence is entered. Of course it is, because this case is like Fury's trial of the mouse, with the verdict ordered in advance.

The Public Prosecutor presents the case against Szasz. It is evident from the moment he opens his attack that he does not intend to base the case on the truth or untruth of Szasz's statements, although that is the clause of the law

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which determines their criminal nature. But it may be inferred that even the Public Prosecutor has a sense of humor. An article in the indictment charges Szasz with stating that Hungary has a censorship. The Report of the Royal Hungarian Telephone Control is already entered as evidence by the prosecution. One cannot have one's cake and eat it. No, the Public Prosecutor does not discuss the truth of Szasz's statements. He makes a two-hour speech attacking the Hungarian émigrés in Vienna who publish *Jovo*, who plot with Hungary's enemies, the Czechs and Jugoslavs, who are traitors and Bolsheviks. Atrocities have been committed by the "Whites," he admits, but all have been avenged. There is anti-Semitism, but the Jews must suffer for the gallows of Bela Kun's hangman Samuelli, and anti-Semitism will be justified as long as there is a Jew in Hungary. Szasz is also accused for what he has not done: he has never mentioned the fate of the Magyars in the lost provinces; how they have been tortured by the Rumanians and Czechs. On the contrary he has joined the ranks of the calumniators who have done already such damage to Hungary. The question is not whether Szasz's statements are true, but whether they are damaging.

Professor Vambery, however, has no intention of permitting the Public Prosecutor to stand upon this ground. He intends to prove that all of the charges made by Zoltan Szasz against the present regime in Hungary are true. Not Szasz himself could arraign the authorities in power more brilliantly.

Mr. Szasz has said that Hungary is governed by cliques. I call as witnesses of the truth of this statement, first, Mr. Odon Beniczky (a conservative deputy, a follower of King Karl) who was arrested in April on the instruction of Mugashazy, aide-de-camp of Regent Horthy, who has no authority whatsoever over arrests, who had no writ of indictment, yet made the order and secured its execution, in spite of Mr. Beniczky's immunity from arrest as a member of the National Assembly. I ask permission to call Count Julius Andrassy. . . .

But the court did not permit the calling of witnesses. Professor Vambery went on:

I can prove—but everyone knows it—that men with clubs and revolvers robbed the headquarters of the Freemasons and gave it into the possession of "Move" under the leadership of Mr. Goemboes, the right-hand man of this Government. The Public Prosecutor says that although atrocities have been committed by the White reaction, they have been avenged. I ask the Public Prosecutor "When were the murders of Somogyi and Bacso, the Socialist editors of the *Nepszava*, avenged? Was the Public Prosecutor active in punishing the murderers? When were the perpetrators of the Orgovany massacres called to justice? Are the men who tell of these things to be punished and the perpetrators acquitted?" . . . The Public Prosecutor speaks constantly in the name of the dead, of the victims of communism. Well, I too speak in the name of the dead; of the dead and innocent victims of the White hate.

The Public Prosecutor resents my confronting him with these things. He claims to represent the national conscience. But I say to him that he must withdraw those words. He is the instrument of the present Government, and it and the national conscience are quite different things.

On the fourth day of the trial Zoltan Szasz began his defense. His speech lasted two days and was from first to last an iteration of his own patriotism, a plea for the oppressed, an exposition of the follies of censorship, and a challenge to make a better Hungary. It will go down in the records of Hungary as a great public document. Many times he was interrupted by the court, but he went on. He pointed out that it was being held against him that he had written in *Jovo*, the organ of the émigrés, although there was no law stating that one could not write therein. He said:

I wrote in *Jovo* because the censor interfered with the publication of my writings at home, even with those dealing with aesthetics. Hence I was obliged to send my articles elsewhere. It happens that I am the first to come into conflict with this new law. But anyone might do so, particularly if the truth or untruth of the statements made is not taken into consideration. The economist who publishes facts as to the deficit of the budget or the falling rate of exchange might be interpreted to be publishing facts damaging to the country; the historian who reviews the events of the past two years without comment. The application of this law terrorizes the whole intellectual life of Hungary.

I see an intentional blindness in the Public Prosecutor's wish to make the world believe that my articles are anti-national. Is my article Schwarz-Gelb Ungarn anti-national? I wrote it in passion and in pain, in deepest gloom that in my unfortunate country which once cradled liberty all those powers are given a rendezvous which were once so hated in old Austria. I play upon the great organ of the national woe, and sing the dirge of Magyar embitterment and remorse. Do not talk to me about national feeling! I know what national feeling is, and I shall not go to school to learn patriotism from the adventurers who hold Hungary in the hollow of their hands. . . . The Public Prosecutor states that I have tried to incite foreign countries to inimical action against Hungary. This was a knife-thrust in my heart. But now I recover a little. I can easily prove that this statement is not true. In not a single one of my articles do I discuss Hungary's foreign policy. But now I will discuss it. And I will tell the Public Prosecutor that the Magyars who live in the lost provinces look with dismay upon the state of affairs in Hungary; I will tell him that had there been freedom in Hungary, the plebiscite recently held in Odenburg would not have returned that territory to us by the votes of 65 per cent of the population but by the votes of 95 per cent.

Perhaps the finest passage was the one in which Szasz defined his own position. He began:

The Public Prosecutor regrets that the press propaganda abroad is so unfriendly to Hungary. But *Jovo* and I are not responsible for this. All free writers of all free countries who have been in Hungary during the past two years have said the same. There is a conspiracy among civilized human beings which unconsciously supports the good and condemns the bad. There was a time when Hungary was beloved of the world. That was in 1849, when we rose as the first warriors of liberty, and the world closed us to its heart. Now all money and all effort is vain to create a favorable opinion abroad for Hungary. As long as the program expressed by the Public Prosecutor persists—a program of hatred against races, religions, and minorities—all the treasures of the Incas cannot buy us the world's esteem.

I do not wonder that I am called a traitor. I preach a new patriotism, different from that of the Christian Nationalist Party. . . . I want a Hungary which is a community of work and culture, where Magyar souls may grow. To those who have said that I have aired Hungary's dirty linen abroad, I reply that if in a country one cannot follow one's instincts to defend the weak and oppressed in accordance with the great ethical law that one should serve justice and one's neighbors, then a man has no other course than to say, "I shall help the weak and oppressed wherever and however I may." . . . But I have not sent out our dirty linen. The whole world knows our disgrace. I have only signalized to the world that in Hungary the love of liberty and justice has not completely died. I have written to show the Magyars of the lost territories and the people of the civilized world that there are still people here who dare denounce this so-called "Christian" program of hate and revenge. And thus I think that I have served my country.

Szasz was heard before an extraordinary court. There

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was no jury. The sentence was quickly pronounced: two and a half years' imprisonment and 10,000 kronen fine, and the deprivation of all civil rights. His only gesture on hearing the sentence was to adjust his monocle. He is still the "Imperturbable." But the Public Prosecutor, as he left the courtroom, was threatened by the crowd.

Russia's Other Allies at Genoa

WHILE in Riga on his way to Genoa the Russian Foreign Minister, M. Chicherin, met with M. Maicrovics, the Latvian Foreign Minister, M. Jodko, Polish Minister at Riga, and M. Piip, the Esthonian Foreign Minister, and reached an agreement with them to intensify the friendly relations between these nations, and to take common action with them at Genoa for disarmament and certain other policies of mutual interest. The negotiations were conducted on March 29 and 30, and the following protocol was adopted and signed by the four delegates. The text is translated from the *Temps* (Paris) of April 3, and *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris) of April 8.

The delegates of the governments of Esthonia, Latvia, Poland, and Soviet Russia, having examined questions concerning (a) reconstruction of economic life in Eastern Europe; (b) reestablishment of commercial relations; (c) consolidation of peace in Central Europe, have agreed as follows:

1. That it would be desirable to coordinate the policy of their representatives concerning certain economic questions of common interest at the international conference at Genoa. Assuming the principle of respect for the political and economic sovereignty of their countries, and the necessity of obtaining foreign credit for the reconstruction of economic life in Eastern Europe, the delegates believe that it is important to seek freedom of financial and economic understandings, either with other states, with financial corporations, or with private financiers. The delegates of the governments represented, having declared that they are ready to fulfil all the obligations made by their respective governments, and believing it desirable mutually to guarantee the treaties concluded between Esthonia and Russia on February 2, 1920, between Latvia and Russia, August 11, 1920, and between Poland, Russia, the Ukraine, and White Ruthenia on March 18, 1921, the delegates of Esthonia, Latvia, and Poland express their belief that it will aid the task of economic reconstruction in Eastern Europe if the Russian Soviet Government be given *de jure* recognition.

2. The delegates of Esthonia, Latvia, Poland, and Russia agree that it would assist the restoration of commercial relations between the countries represented: (a) To accord the right to enter and facilities for free circulation in their countries to the nationals of these countries going abroad on commercial business; (b) to facilitate railroad communication between the countries represented at the meeting, and particularly to establish through freight traffic; (c) to undertake commercial transactions with credit based either upon merchandise deposited abroad, or upon a sufficient guaranty granted by the banks of the interested countries, and to facilitate the establishment of mixed corporations intended to meet the special needs of the economic life of these countries; (d) to propose to the central credit institutions of their countries intimate and direct financial relations with the corresponding institutions of the other states represented at this meeting.

3. The delegates of Esthonia, Latvia, Poland, and Russia solemnly confirm their sincere wish for universal peace, and their determination to live on good terms and to solve disputed questions by pacific means. To that end they will give their support to the principle of universal limitation of armament. They recognize that to assure peace frontiers should be guarded only by regular troops or by official frontier guards. They con-

TO MY LITTLE SON

I cannot lose the thought of you
It haunts me like a little song,
It blends with all I see or do
Each day, the whole day long.

The train, the lights, the engine's throb,
And that one stinging memory:
Your brave smile broken with a sob,
Your face pressed close to me.

Lips trembling far too much to speak;
The arms that would not come undone;
The kiss so salty on your cheek;
The long, long trip begun.

I could not miss you more it seemed,
But now I don't know what to say.
It's harder than I ever dreamed
With you so far away.

☼ ☼ ☼

BARS and SHADOWS

a book of prison poems

written by

RALPH CHAPLIN

an artist, writer and member of the I. W. W. who was convicted under the Espionage Act and is now serving a twenty year sentence in the Federal penitentiary.

The book also contains an Introduction by

Scott Nearing

Ralph Chaplin has spent five consecutive Christmases in jail because the opinions which he held and expressed were distasteful to the authorities. Mrs. Chaplin, in whose name the book is copyrighted, is working from day to day for the support of herself and her little son. Every cent made on this book above the actual cost of manufacture and distribution, goes to her.

If you will read the poems printed herewith, I think that you will want to own this book for its own sake, and to pass it on to your friends and neighbors, in order that they may realize just what kind of men we are holding in prison for their opinions. But more than that—you will want to do your part toward assisting the family of a man who is serving a jail term in the name of all our liberties.

Instead of ordering a single copy of the book, take five or ten copies, and re-sell them or distribute them among your friends. If you will sit down and write me your check for a dollar, I will see that you get a copy of the book; for five dollars, and I will see that you get six copies of the book; or for ten dollars, and I will see that you get fifteen copies.

NORMAN THOMAS,
20 Vesey St., N. Y. C.

☼ ☼ ☼

MOURN NOT THE DEAD

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell—
Too strong to strive—
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The cowed and the meek—
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

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sider it indispensable to establish along the frontiers zones into which armed forces will be admitted only in small numbers, and in equal numbers by both of the neighboring states. The width of these zones and the number of troops to be admitted to them will be determined by special agreement. Realizing that the presence of hostile forces near their frontiers and raids by these forces into the territory of neighboring states constitutes a menace to peace they recognize that each government must bear the responsibility for such acts.

Finally, the delegates agree that it would be useful for the parties represented at this meeting to elaborate definite plans at Genoa for the realization of the aforesaid principles.

This is the agreement upon which the Soviet Government based its protest note to Poland, April 25. Russia claimed that Poland's signature of the Allied protest against the Russo-German treaty was a violation of the spirit of the Riga agreement.

The Daily Press in Moscow

THE Moscow *Izvestia* on February 17 published a table showing the changes in the circulation of the Moscow daily newspapers during the first two weeks of February—the period immediately following the date on which newspapers were first put on sale for the general public. We reproduce here the figures showing the circulation of each of the Moscow dailies on February 1 and February 14.

	February 1		February 14	
Izvestia	133,060	copies	162,800	copies
Pravda	60,500	"	73,000	"
Bednota	109,000	"	116,600	"
Ekonomicheskaia Zhisn	24,900	"	31,500	"
Prodgazeta (Supplies Gazette)	10,000	"	10,000	"
Kommunisticheski Trud	23,500	"	26,400	"
Trud	56,000	"	35,000	"
Gudok	29,400	"	28,500	"
Cooperativnoie Delo	17,500	"	17,500	"
		"		"
Total circulation	353,860	"	401,300	"

Serbian Domination

THE dangers to peace in the Balkans involved in Serbia's autocratic control over the national minorities included in her boundaries are set forth in the memorandum of the London Balkan Committee printed below. It is signed by the chairman of the committee, Mr. Noel Buxton, and other experts in Balkan affairs.

At the last Assembly of the League of Nations attention was drawn to the dangers affecting the integrity of Albania from Serbian and Greek encroachments, and to the oppressive conditions prevailing in Macedonia consequent upon its partition. The position at the present time both in regard to Albania and to Macedonia, far from having improved, has taken a turn for the worse. In these circumstances the Balkan Committee desires to call attention to one of the main causes of the unrest, namely, the unconstitutional development of the Jugoslav state.

The main factor upon which the chauvinistic policy of Serbia thrives lies in the excessive centralism of the present administration of Jugoslavia. This administration, centralized at Belgrade, tends to provoke discontent and create a sense of injustice among the non-Serb peoples of Jugoslavia. These have for centuries led varied national lives and been subject to different methods and systems of government. While they welcome the principle of union in one state, they cannot consent to being merged in a stereotyped mold, be it Serbian or other-

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wise. By refusing to sit at the Belgrade Parliament, the Croats have declared their wishes in no uncertain voice. The Slovenes, for their part, have cast their votes against the existing constitution, which therefore derives its authority from the combined votes of the Serbs and Mussulmans alone, the latter's support being secured by bribery.

To persist in enforcing the present constitution plainly endangers the future of Jugoslavia. On the other hand devolution, while preserving intact the Jugoslav state with a central parliament at Belgrade or Zagreb, would give to the Croats and Slovenes the peculiar position to which their history and present demands entitle them. The Balkan Committee is conscious that in supporting this policy, it is not unduly stressing the principle of self-determination. The national claims of the Croats are not a modern theoretical growth but derive from an independent history of eight centuries. Under the present regime their national rights are not secured, but are being sacrificed to a policy which aims at the creation of a Greater Serbia. Such a triumph of Eastern over Western culture would prove detrimental to progress and development in the Balkans.

Devolution would obviate this possibility and would alone be capable of bringing about a real union of Jugoslavia. . . .

Seizing Idle Lands in Mexico

THREATENED with starvation, 20,000 workers of the state of Puebla, Mexico, occupied idle lands in the state for the purpose of cultivating them and building houses for themselves. Fifteen thousand of these persons were unemployed. In a manifesto issued by the Party of Workers and Peasants in Puebla, statements are given showing the high cost of living in the district. The 5,000 who are still at work get a weekly wage of $4.16, $1.00 of which goes to aid those out of work. This wage, the manifesto explains, cannot possibly keep a worker alive, to say nothing of a worker with a family. After a statement of the causes which led to the action of the workers, the manifesto declares:

1. In accordance with Sections 3 of Article V of the Public Land Law of December 30, 1920, and Article III of the Decree Concerning Idle Land issued by the Governor of the State on the 25th day of January of this year, be it resolved that the proper authorities take the necessary measures for giving possession of the lands which fall within the provisions of this law to the workers, who, on account of the closing of the factories, suspension of traveling and immigration, find themselves without work in the state; therefore, if the authorities should place any difficulties in the way of the payments asked for by this resolution, the members of the party will proceed immediately to take possession of the lands, opening them for cultivation and for the building of their homes.

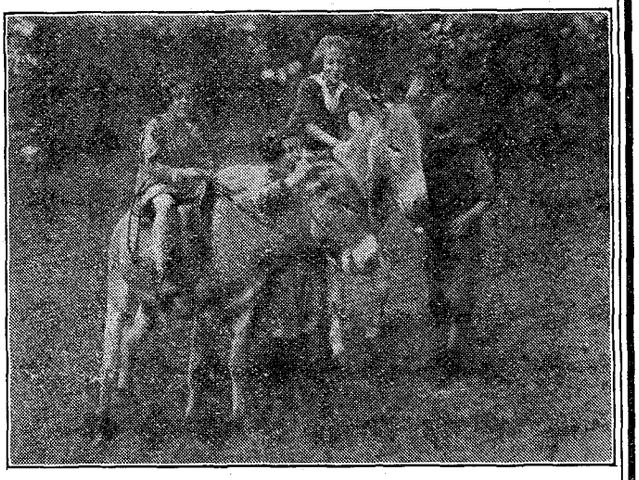
2. From the Secretary of Agriculture and Development aid shall be requested in the form of farming implements, needed in order to secure the benefits of the soil.

3. From the Local and Federal governments aid shall be requested in the form of metal goods for the development of the projects of the colony; also it shall be asked that the federal troops shall not intervene in any way in the peaceable seizure of the idle land by the workers, nor in the formation of the colony.

4. These resolutions shall be communicated officially through the central committee of the Mexican Labor Party to all the workers organized under the politico-social system in the country, and such aid as circumstances warrant shall be demanded for this class.

5. To carry into effect the above resolutions a central agricultural committee shall be named.

6. A manifesto shall be issued so that the public of the country shall understand the situation.



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